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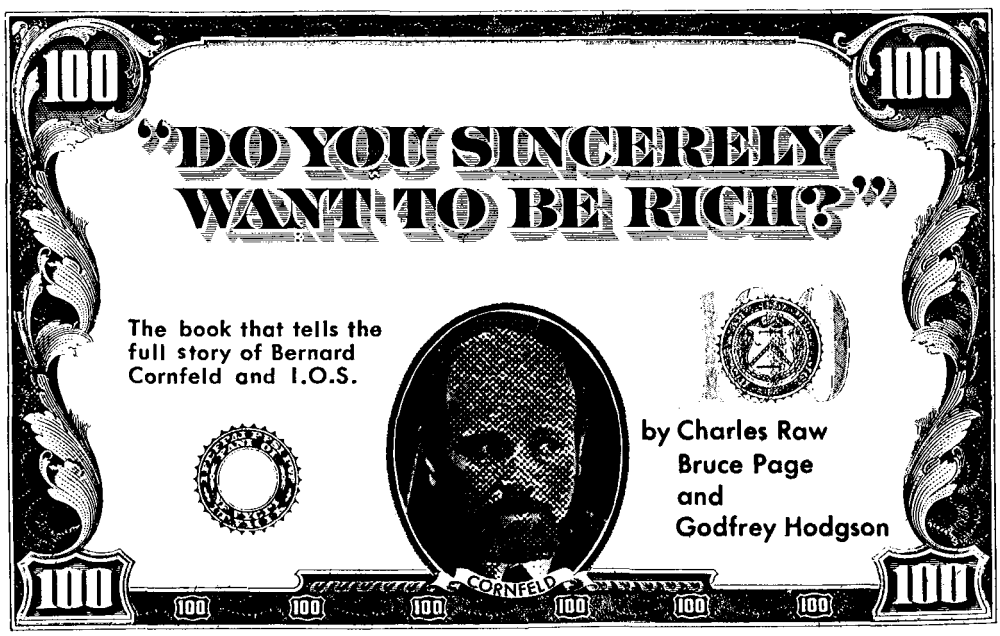

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Letters

The Case Against Foundations

I thought Taylor Branch's "The Case Against Foundations" was first-rate. A couple of points come to mind.

First, it was too soft on the Ford Foundation. This giant has special responsibilities because it commands such a large proportion of total foundation resources. Not only is it cautious since the Tax Reform Act (an act brought on largely by the indiscretion of Ford), but it still operates like a small family foundation. Its staff has doubled in four years, it spent $43 million last year in overhead costs, its larger grants are made on a handshake basis on the 11th floor, and it operates much like the Department of Agriculture. Its bureaucrats nit pick the $200,000 Chicano grants to death while its multi-million-dollar contributions to the Urban League, Columbia, Harvard, the Urban Coalition, and Brookings go unpoliced.

Second, while most foundations are supporting the Boy Scouts and the local hospital, the few that dare to create and innovate are slipping into a new form of incest. There is a growing tendency for these funds to deal with the same groups and individuals and to exclude from consideration those projects that don't hold out the possibility of a "national impact." There is also a noticeable "I'm-more-radical-than-you-are" syndrome.

Third, the article leaves the impression that we could probably do pretty well with publicly supported programs. This strikes me as a bit queer after reading with interest your previous articles on public slothfulness and clubbishness. It is true that we could do without most foundations, but I would hate to turn to Washington, Trenton, or Sacramento for the replacement money.

Fourth, there are some people who believe the Tax Reform Act was more beneficial than harmful. The really unfortunate consequence of that act was to give excuses to people who want to be cautious in their grants anyway.

GORDON A. MACINNES, JR.
East Orange, N.J.

Mr. MacInnes is executive director of the Wallace-Eljabar Fund.

Taylor Branch's piece on foundations assumes a rather narrow circle of virtue for philanthropic action, but I will admit that I think most people tend to do that. Certainly when I was on the outside looking in, I judged the quality of the Ford Foundation

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entirely by its willingness or unwillingness to support the bright ideas of the Harvard faculty.

McGEORGE BUNDY
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Bundy is president of the Ford Foundation.

Aside from the easy fun Taylor Branch has with foundations ("chic recessed telephones," "Don Quixote in a limousine," the Ivy League tinge of trustees, etc.) he raises a critical issue in "The Case Against Foundations" (July)—"Is not philanthropy a throwback to less prosperous times?" His implied answer in the negative is that "the old causes... have become a public responsibility rather than the beneficiaries of tax-exempt compassion."

The fallacy here lies in the notion that because fields like poverty, health, education, population, et al. have become increasingly public responsibilities, government alone can and will adequately do the whole job. The hard evidence against this proposition lies in the huge numbers of appeals for important projects that this foundation and others have received even in the heyday of Federal social expenditures in the sixties—and receive today with even greater urgency. Moreover in an increasingly critical array of cases we find that it is precisely the fragmentary and bureaucratic character of Federal programs that can give critical importance to relatively small private grants.

Furthermore the article's repeated suggestion that foundations are living off dusty old justifications is belied by their early and catalytic role in an astonishing array of current social changes somehow ignored or minimized in the article—including legal defense for the poor, preschool education, experiments in school and university alternatives, voter registration of minority groups, new patterns of health care, the growth of a black Southern cooperative movement, and initiatives in population and environmental work, long before either became governmentally popular.

Incidentally, all of these timely concerns were repeatedly described to—and by—Congressmen and Senators in the public debates on the Tax Reform Act of 1969.

Since this space does not permit an adequate treatment of other fallacies or errors in the article, let me note just two others:

1. The Ford Foundation's reason for making a grant to the Center for Law and Social Policy was not to "demonstrate that it was still in the business of social change" after the Tax Reform Act of 1969; it was made on the merits, as were pre-Act grants to such organizations as the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, the Mexican-American Legal Defense Fund, etc. and post-Act grants to other public interest law centers—the Natural Resources Defense Council, the Sierra Club Foundation Public Advocates, Inc., the League of Women Voters Education Fund, and the Environmental Defense Fund.

And by the way, the contention that legal representation for the poor and consumers had been pioneered by OEO Legal Services and others but was too touchy for the Ford Foundation is nonsense: OEO's program, in fact, was largely modeled on Ford-Foundation-supported projects of the early 1960s.

2. This foundation and others with whom it is in touch are not "smarting under the new four per cent excise tax on their earnings *and* the new provisions against tax-shelter wheeling and dealing...." (italics supplied). We do strongly oppose the tax, as a breach in the basic principles of tax-exempt philanthropy, but we believe the law's provisions against the financial abuses of some foundations were long overdue, and constitute a strong assurance that foundations will engage fully and solely in the business the American people expect of them—philanthropic support of worthwhile efforts to improve conditions in a wide range of social, cultural, and educational affairs.

RICHARD MAGAT
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Magat is director of the Office of Reports of the Ford Foundation.

Solution to the September puzzle:

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A New Look at John Kennedy

by Suzannah Lessard

It was a different spirit. One knew that he was clever and a ruthless politician, but he was playing a big game in a big way and he had the guts and the nerve to be really actual about it. And he would have said he was wrong: there was a candor about it. One had the feeling that things would open up. He generated somehow a hope in the people which no other man who has run for President has since.

—from a conversation with my father.

I remember that when Kennedy was elected my parents, like thousands of other people, felt that their generation had, at long last, come into its own; that Kennedy represented their collective spirit and, slick as he might be, would go after what they all knew in their bones was good and right. The emotional investment was incalculable. When he was shot he was mythologized into a static essence representing chiefly the potential, the unfulfilled. And when he was shot, a lot of these people dropped out of politics. They voted and read the newspaper, but half-heartedly, so that the gravity of issues like Vietnam crept up from behind, and the radical movement burst upon them with total unexpectedness.

Another group who felt the same way when Kennedy was elected, having run into the regressive aspects of the Administration, now see Kennedy as a betrayer, a wolf in sheep's clothing, the same as "all the others," and are bitterly wary of being duped again. A prominent writer who ran afoul of the worst in Kennedy early on recently explained that he was reluctant to write for *The Washington Monthly* because he had heard that Jay Rockefeller (young, elegant, rich and liberal) had contributed financially to the magazine. The writer explained in essence that he was too leery of being Camelotted again to associate himself with anyone who smacked of that old appeal. This par-

Suzannah Lessard is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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ticular disenchantment is not confined to a small group. John Lindsay's followers were dismayed by the apathy with which his arrival on the presidential scene was greeted. Though a few years ago his class, looks, and rhetoric would have caused a hopeful stir, regardless of his record (Kennedy's was unspectacular when he ran), today those qualities are liabilities. The White Knight image and beautiful people chic no longer produces Pavlovian salivation; on the contrary, among many these ingredients inspire suspicion that there is something sour in the soup.

Similarly, a sign of the change in the times—an angle which makes Kennedy seem at best archaic—is that the secret admiration for his reputation as a cool Don Juan would not be inspired by the same image today. On the contrary, it would probably make people think there was something wrong with the guy. Nor is the obsession with winning—winning moon races, wars, and showdowns as well as ladies—any longer an appealing attitude.

There is a third group of people—like myself, younger—whose personal political trauma is located more recently and diffusely in the failure of the New Left. Our dismissal of Kennedy came too easily, ricocheting off the shock of our parents and our own amazed and immature perception of events. It all happened so early, so fast, and so finally that it was simply indigestible, and in the name of radical thought we demonstrated to ourselves Kennedy's mistakes and foggily dismissed the whole package as too sullied to salvage.

Yet Kennedy cracked the crust of the old politics wide open, and if the crack was so fresh it closed up after his death, or whether his failings would have sabotaged the promise had he lived, does not invalidate the relevance of that experience to the present and future. The fact that the legacy is mixed makes it all the more pressing not to put it under glass as an irreducible unit. It seems to me essential that we undo our knotted attitudes and reevaluate this critical portion of our own history—extract the gold from the dross, the vital from the poisonous—so that we can plow it into what we want from the future. It also seems to me that the negative elements are as sharply revealing as the affirmative strains, and as critically important to isolate and recognize.

The positive and invaluable qualities which John Kennedy brought to a presidency long deprived of them were the ability to admit that he was wrong, candor, the capacity and willingness to grow, humor, tremendous intelligence, and the competence to execute the dictates of intelligence. These, combined with the straightforward appetite to achieve real change, cleared the stuffy air of the fifties in which foreign policy was a stiff—though gripping—pantomime played about the trigger of apocalypse, while the economy slipped and social problems festered unacknowledged. His positive and open approach made people believe that perhaps something could be done—that nuclear war and social injustice weren't inevitable and that the human race was not helpless before its destiny.

But the quality which electrified people most immediately, and which also in some ways conflicted with the more profound attributes, was his style. Style was perhaps Kennedy's greatest political asset. He won the election on it. T. H. White wrote of the campaign that though "there certainly were real differences of philosophy and ideas. . . rarely in American history has there been a political campaign that discussed issues less or clarified them less. . . specifics and issues had all but ceased to matter; only style was important."

The only issue, if you can call it that, was national prestige, the perfect vehicle (both before and after the election) for the Kennedy style. He projected an image of himself—tough but sophisticated, cerebral but unsqueamish, a dynamite combination

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of intelligence and strength—as the image he would give the nation in the world. This seemingly felicitous union of issue and style lived beyond the inauguration.

The tendency to think of policy in terms of prestige, to allow considerations of appearance to influence the course of decisions, was one of Kennedy's most serious flaws. A particularly disturbing example of this weakness is the way that fear of people finding out we had backed down motivated the Administration to go ahead with the Bay of Pigs. In Arthur Schlesinger's extensive account of how that decision was made, every time the pendulum began to swing towards cancelling the venture, the spectre of the Cuban band spreading the word of Kennedy's timidity throughout the hemisphere jolted the group back towards the invasion. Having trained for a year, having invested all their hopes in the operation, the Cubans would indeed have been angry and done their best to make Kennedy look like a fool and a coward. That loss of image could hardly have been a worse price than the failure of the invasion itself; but though it was never put forward as the main reason for going ahead, loss of face repeatedly provided that critical extra kick towards proceeding with the plan. Yet immediately after the fiasco the opposite quality came into play. The urge to recover his stature must have been considerable. But against pressure from the public and from some of his most trusted advisors, including his brother, Bobby, he resisted the temptation to salvage his prestige by going in and smashing Castro.

No Argument Like Success

Ted Sorensen, one of Kennedy's closest aides, talks of the brief term as a transition period. The conflicting strains, as encapsulated in his behavior during the Cuban affair, do indeed point backwards to the fallacies of the past and forward to the principles of the future. But it was not a transition in the sense of a clear progression from one philosophy to another, in the sense that Kennedy was basically aware of where he was going and what he wanted to leave behind; more accurate to say that it was a term of conflict between the old and the new; that just as his choice of advisers reflected that dichotomy, he himself embodied the conflicts; that the two antithetical strains coexisted to the end.

His policy in Laos, for instance, was far more advanced than our Vietnam policy today. But having gotten out of Laos for the right reasons, in Vietnam he fell prey to the notion that we could send in an elite corps, manipulate political events behind the scene, "win," and get out. Though Kennedy aides deny that there is any connection, it was the day after the Bay of Pigs, according to the Pentagon Papers, that Kennedy ordered a review of the Vietnam situation to "appraise . . . the Communist drive to dominate

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Vietnam and recommend a series of actions (military, political and/or economic, overt and/or covert) which . . . will prevent Communist domination of that country." At that point it looked as though Vietnam might be a place where we could *win*, a perfect testing ground for Maxwell Taylor's theories of counterinsurgency and a timely opportunity to—and this was the real objective—score against the Soviets. We looked bad in Cuba, maybe we could look good in Vietnam.

"I think if people walk back a step they will find that we had to be hard with the Soviets," says Ken O'Donnell, another close Kennedy aide. "If we started to falter, then the allies got nervous, and the Russians had made some pretty good moves. We were trying to redress the psychological balance of power." Sorensen and O'Donnell both stress that the world was different then than it is now. It's true that Khruschev's stance at Vienna suggested that he might be an insatiable aggressor beyond reason, who could only be dealt with by force. It's true, too, for instance, that the British had employed counterinsurgency successfully, and probably for the best, in Malaya, so why shouldn't we in Vietnam. Nothing was as clear then as it is now. But the failure, it seems to me, was not in seeing through to the future, but in thinking through one's assumptions, through the form to the content. The psychological balance of power—the prestige game—was negative because success meant you looked stronger and better (more competent) than your adversary, and he in turn would be spurred to look stronger and better than you. Kennedy in his greatest moments took the risk and cut through that game. But he also was very, very good at it, and his competence—which O'Donnell stresses over and over again as his supreme qualification, and indeed, it is hard to overvalue competence in a President—in a way prevented him from seeing the foolishness of what he was doing because he was doing it well. The notion still persists that what you want to do is come out on top—that if our counterinsurgency policy (with a little hocus pocus in the background) had "worked" in Vietnam then it would have been right for us to fight for that shoddy government; that the failure of the Bay of Pigs was a failure to have a good plan.

The worst thing about the prestige game is that success and failure, right and wrong, are contingent not even upon whether something works or not, but upon whether it appears to work. Further, the gravity of confrontations is not contingent on real threats but on symbolism—affronts to prestige. Of the Cuban missile crisis, assumed to be one of Kennedy's great successes, Sorensen wrote, "To be sure, these Cuban missiles alone, in view of all the other megatonnage the Soviets were capable of unleashing upon us, did not substantially alter the strategic balance *in fact*—unless these first installations were followed by so many more that Soviet military planners would have an increased temptation to launch a preemptive first strike. But that balance would have been substantially altered in appearance: and in matters of national will and world leadership, as the President said later, such appearances contribute to reality."

Recall the clammy sweat on the brow of mankind as every morning it stared at newsphotos of Soviet ships nearing the American blockade. The sweat was real, but evidentally the issue was somewhat less than central. Recall, too, the surge of relief and triumph when the Soviet ships turned around, and Kennedy not only was proven "right" but had won in the most appealing Kennedy style.

Kennedy did not ride his triumph, however. Having looked down the nuclear gunbarrel over an essentially minor issue, he recoiled from the senseless danger of such confrontations, and, in Sorensen's words, "realized that we had to find another way." He refused to capitalize on the prestige and specifically instructed his staff not to say we had won, set it up

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in fact so that Khruschev could say he had won. This gesture in a man who liked nothing better than winning was dramatic, although the risk in terms of appearances was minimal. In a way it was a case of having your cake and eating it too, since it was obvious to the world that we had called their bluff. As with his sense of humor about himself, which, charming as it was, always really made him look better, this gesture, far from making the world think Kennedy had lost, made him look magnanimous.

Getting Back

Yet far from a glad step forward, his restraint wrenched him. An indication of the tremendous tension his forbearance wrought is the article he obviously prompted ridiculing Stevenson for his position during the crisis. The piece in the *Saturday Evening Post* was written by Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett, a close friend of Kennedy. It made Stevenson out to be a fool for suggesting that we seek a bilateral solution by admitting the comparable impudence of our missiles in Turkey. Yet Kennedy had ordered those missiles removed before the crisis; they were still there only because of the inefficiency of the State Department, and indeed they were removed shortly thereafter. In other words, Kennedy kicked Stevenson for being right. Similarly, Bobby Kennedy excoriated Chester Bowles after the Cuban invasion. Bowles had been strongly against the invasion, surely a praiseworthy judgment in light of the consequent fiasco. But Bobby flattened Bowles for letting it be known to the press (actually Bowles' friends leaked it without his knowledge) that he had been right.

Formulas are basically trinkets, but for what it's worth, Kennedy was at his best when thinking about his opponent's prestige, and at his worst when thinking about his own. He obviously recognized this to some degree, and though it was not an easy insight for him to accept, he was able to act on it. He may have been unable to resist the urge to kick Stevenson, but he did resist the greater urge to crow about his victory and use his gratuitous restraint to lay the groundwork for one of his greatest accomplishments, the Test Ban Treaty. That restraint and the subsequent treaty were daring and radical departures from the game of upmanship and were accomplished under great pressure to do otherwise, perhaps the strongest clues to the man's capacity to grow rather than harden under tension and to his commitment to build a new and better world.

The Peace Corps, another of Kennedy's most affirmative inspirations, is a perfect paradigm of this conflict between intent and appearance. First, there's the name with its obvious militant connotations. Then there is the training ground in Puerto Rico, which from all accounts resembled a Marine boot camp, though what purpose it served other than to emphasize that this was no sissy operation is difficult to perceive. But most significant was the tension between trying to do something actual and cultivating the propaganda value. During the first year the thrust of volunteer training was American studies, communism, and world affairs, at the expense of technical skills and the language and culture of the host country. During that period, too, great capital was made of statistics, great satisfaction drawn from boasting that we had 800 volunteers in the Philippines. What those volunteers were accomplishing other than proselytizing their hosts was less a concern.

Sorensen claims that Kennedy's butch image was largely a ruse— "That was one of his greatest talents—slipping a soft policy through with a hard face"—and points to how Kennedy got the Test Ban Treaty through a reluctant Congress by decribing it as essential to our national security. No doubt such ruses were often used but it remains that the tough-guy image had a fundamental appeal to Kennedy

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and his staff. He never rejected the hard-liners like Acheson and especially Joseph Alsop (he conferred the high honor of calling at Alsop's house the night of his inauguration) and was condescending towards advisors who were openly soft-line. He appointed Justice Byron White (who as a former Rhodes Scholar and All-American football star fit to a T the Kennedy mystique and therefore was assumed to be "with it," though he turned out to be one of the most conservative justices on the bench) to the Supreme Court and Scoop Jackson to the chairmanship of the Democratic party.

The Good Guy Hang-up

The fear of being thought cowardly or sentimental is a very common liberal neurosis. And however susceptible they were, the pernicious influence of that anxiety was not unrecognized in the Administration. In a memorandum to the President, Arthur Schlesinger wrote about the tendency to define the Berlin issue as: "Are you chicken or not? When someone proposes something which seems tough, hard, put up or shut up, it is difficult to oppose it without seeming soft, idealistic, mushy, etc. . . .Nothing would clarify more the discussion of policy towards the Soviet Union than the elimination of the words 'hard' and 'soft' from the language. People who had doubts about Cuba suppressed those doubts lest they seem 'soft.' It is obviously important that such fears not constrain free discussion of Berlin." The double awareness was there from the beginning: Schlesinger wrote this memo in 1961.

Another key manifestation of the conflict was the Administration's attitudes toward moral sensibility. The Kennedy Administration had a distinct sense of mission, but the very common notion that while the moral point of view is appropriate in the formation of general goals, it is a hindrance and a sign of woolly-headedness in achieving those goals, apparently prevailed. Moral considerations were often seen as in conflict with pragmatism; the ethic was that if you wanted to get something done, you sought the most competent men and efficient methods. For the sake of argument you explored all courses of action, including those you should have dismissed as morally out of the question. It seems fairly clear, for instance, that Kennedy was dead set against sending combat troops into Vietnam, yet he allowed all the arguments for such a policy to be made and the contingency planned for. And when he sent Maxwell Taylor to Vietnam to consider strategies, the first strategy listed was, according to the minutes of the meeting as reported in the Pentagon Papers, "bold intervention to 'defeat the Viet Cong' using up to three divisions of American troops." One can imagine that if an adviser objected, pointing out that this was fundamentally against policy, a violation of the Geneva accords, and therefore not worth considering, he would have been mollified with assurances that the mission was only the exploration of an alternative.

As Schlesinger wrote of the Bay of Pigs, Kennedy "did not yet realize how contingency planning could generate its own momentum and create its own reality." He became increasingly opposed to military solutions to political problems, but the military arguments, having been made, were then inevitably compromised with. He thought of the military build-up as a diplomatic threat, but, as Sorensen puts it, "State was inefficient and the Pentagon was just the opposite, so when the problems arose it was the military solution which was at hand." *The New York Times* report on the Pentagon Papers states it even more clearly: "The decision to build up combat support and advisory missions, was made 'almost by default' because the Kennedy Administration was focused so heavily in the fall of '61 on the question of sending ground combat units to Vietnam. That decision," the analyst writes, "was reached 'without extended study or

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debate' or precise expectation of what it would achieve." The concept that you draw lines beyond which you simply will not consider actions because you believe they are wrong was not easily adaptable to the cool cerebral mystique.

More than a Matter of Style

Two books are out which focus on this separation of moral sensibility from pragmatic debate. The first is Chester Bowles' memoirs, *Promises to Keep*. The former Under Secretary of State provides an extremely vivid example of the sensibility which Kennedy shared but was in conflict over within himself. Bowles did not share the tough, super-sharp pro ethic nor the softy phobia. Already in the spring of 1961 he was disturbed by what he felt was a lack of moral ballast in the Administration. In his personal notebook he wrote, "The question which concerns me most about the new Administration is whether it lacks a genuine sense of conviction about what is right and what is wrong .... Anyone in public life who has strong convictions about the rights and wrongs of public morality, both domestic and international, has a very great advantage in times of strain, since his instincts on what to do are clear and immediate. Lacking such a framework... he is forced to lean almost entirely on his mental processes.... Under normal conditions ... this pragmatic approach should successfully bring him out on the right side of a question. What worries me are the conclusions that such an individual may reach when he is tired, angry, frustrated, or emotionally affected. The Cuban fiasco demonstrates how far astray a man as brilliant and well-intentioned as President Kennedy can go who lacks a basic moral reference point."

The next November he was transferred from the State Department to an impressively titled but unimportant post. The purported reason was that State was inefficient and Bowles was

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not an administrator. At the bottom, however, was a fundamental difference in perception which was most noticeable in clashes of style. "There was a fatal difference in tempo between Bowles and the New Frontier," wrote Schlesinger in his memoirs. "... he tended to catch hold of a question a long distance back... to discourse on its relation to the multiple revolutions of our times... and to move down to the present with all deliberate speed. Kennedy agreed with nearly everything Bowles would say, but he had generally thought of it before. And he grew impatient... Bowles spoke the unabashed Liberal language of the New Deal; again the junior officers of the Second World War disagreed not with the sentiment but with the sentimentality. The New Frontier put a premium on quick, tough, laconic, decided people.... 'Chet's a fine fellow,' " Schlesinger recalls Kennedy saying, " 'but he's just not doing the job. He was perfect for Ambassador to India... his intelligence, his sympathy... but he is not precise or decisive enough to get things done.' "

Yet Bowles was the only close advisor who had been right on Cuba, expressing instant horror when he learned of the invasion plans. He was in Schlesinger's words "identified with the affirmative impulses of American foreign policy... [he tried to] redress the balance toward the underdeveloped nations and toward political rather than military solutions." He embodies the best of the Kennedy vision—as Schlesinger remarks, Kennedy agreed with nearly everything Bowles said. Yet the Under Secretary was an irritant. His long-windedness was understandably exasperating, and the New Deal rhetoric, much as one may agree with the sentiments, is indeed a bit too sappy to swallow, but the scale of the reaction against him indicates a deeper motivation. His treatment invites comparison to the covert retaliation against Stevenson. The spontaneous moral reaction of an intelligent man can cut swathes

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through the strict cult of competence to the root of an approach, and if the root is off-base, the whole approach is likely to be askew. If you are trying with all your might to figure out the most effective way to do something, the moral response seems tediously irrelevant. But if it turns out to have been right in the strictly operational sense—which is supposed to be your territory—it becomes intolerable. All this is not to mourn lost opportunities, nor to make Bowles into a hero—he just provides a telling example—but to expose the subversive dynamics which locked the Kennedy team into its own assumptions, which prevented things from opening up.

A Penetrating Fiction

The second book which explored these themes is *A History of the Modern Age* by Julian K. Prescott, rumored to be a pseudonym for John Kenneth Galbraith, who knew the players well. The history is a parody in which facts, exchanges, and personalities are left in tact with a slight twist to the lens, highlighting the drift, the impasses, the philosophcial clashes, and the blindnesses. On John Foster Dulles the parody can be quite broad, but on the Kennedy years it's more like a fine David Levine drawing. At first the picture is appealing, and sensible, but slowly something wrong emerges and then leaps out.

Prescott, too, finds Bowles a handy vehicle for his message. At one point in the history the Under Secretary says, "Mr. President, I'm a little troubled about the Taylor-Rostow report, about counterinsurgency. On the face of it, as Secretary McNamara explained it, it bears an ominous resemblance to the sort of thing that Metternich and the Congress of Vienna did in the 19th century. First we declare ourselves international policemen or firemen. Then we intervene to curb disorders or extinguish the flames. Always we would find ourselves intervening on the side of reactionary rulers against rebellious popular groups. The very term counterinsurgency suggests this. After all, from a practical standpoint, what petty dictator won't ask us to help him suppress what he calls Communist rebels?" Then he points out that we won't always be able to put out the flames and will be faced with the choice of pulling out in defeat or of sending more and more men in. "The possibility is remote, I admit, but it *is* possible under the principle of counterinsurgency." " 'When you put the issue this way, Chet,' Kennedy replied, 'we would all agree with you. The point is, the possibility is infinitesimally remote. Our objective under counterinsurgency is not to shore up reactionary governments. It's designed to allow the people to determine their own fortunes without fear of disruptive minorities. At all events, as Bob McNamara said, we must seek ways of protecting our national interest short of major war. That, I believe, is what counterinsurgency's all about.' " Then he allows that he doesn't think anyone will confuse him with Metternich: " 'Not unless Pope John and I agree to Catholicize the World.' (Loud laughter in the room)."

The scenario puts a finger on the critical failure to think a policy through to its roots. Bowles comments sound general, intelligent, but a bit obvious and off-base to Kennedy. He can't hear that Bowles is saying, "Whose side should we be on?" and, quite practically, "If you blunder onto the losing side in a delicate internal situation you're in for a lot more than you asked for." Kennedy, shocked by the spontaneous generation of communists out of the Cuban hills, saw counterinsurgency as a device to trump the ace card—native guerrillas—drawn by our global competitor. Bowles was looking way beyond that simple gameboard and saw that in most situations, by definition we would be supporting the cause of repressive dictatorship. Kennedy, not hearing, deflects Bowles by seeming to understand it, presenting a positive view of the policy and then making

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Bowles' point look remote with a joke. The rest of the room, relieved to have this rather corny picture of "reactionary rulers and rebellious popular groups" dismissed, laughs loudly, and Bowles, unable to counter Kennedy's quick intellect and charm, is routed. The scenario is a good illustration of how the relevance of a moral view was lost on Kennedy, how his brilliance allowed him to believe he had dealt with a trenchant argument when he had not, and how humor can dissipate a moral observation. As one reads on, the mutual appreciation of wit and charm, the highly appealing style, the confident elitism, and the glittering intelligence become grotesque as again and again what should have been an opening of minds is complacently by-passed. The *History* is a fiction, but it rings alarmingly true: too much of it is drawn from fact and from familiar traits to dismiss. (Not to compare myself with Chester Bowles, but, funnily enough, my conversation with Ted Sorensen in some ways resembled the Prescott scenario. I brought up every point raised in this article, and each one he appeared to understand and agree with. Yet at the end of each little foray, he had turned it around so that the Administration was impeccable.) While one hopes dearly that we will see Kennedy's style, brilliance, and humor in the White House again, the lesson must not be lost that those qualities need not, but can, serve as blocks.

Two Kinds of Courage

There is little use to say in retrospect where Kennedy went wrong and what advice he should have taken and leave it at that, because it's impossible to travel back in time to those years, reconstruct the pressures and uncertainties which since had dissolved or clarified, and project by analogy solutions to the new set which has replaced them. Most politicians of stature now recognize the folly of cold war gamesmanship and whether they pursue them energetically or not, advocate once-controversial policies like conciliation because they have become part of the "conventional wisdom." That they now seem obvious and expedient is part of the Kennedy legacy. But what is of use for sorting out the new set of problems are the more general parables. One of those parables is how intelligent people can fail to see the sound truth when it is set before them because they are distracted by a belief in the superficially pragmatic, and suspicious of the relevance of moral principles to practical and strategic problems.

The tensions inside Kennedy were never resolved; the potential beamed through erratically like a moving light in a fog. The light never steadied partly because it was a time of transition, but partly, too, because it didn't seek a solid personal sense of right and wrong to ground itself upon. The sense was there, but it wasn't trusted to govern. The irony is that Kennedy overlooked moral perceptions as impractical, whereas it turns out they were profoundly pragmatic. The New Frontiersmen seemed to feel that their own idealism might prove to be their fatal flaw and fought to be cerebral and to stick to principles of "fact" rather than conscience lest they prove fools before the world. The vision of the Cuban exiles trumpeting the Administration's timidity, by analogy, remained to the end a powerful motivating factor.

Kennedy wrote in *Profiles in Courage*, "A man does what he must in spite of personal consequences, in spite of dangers—and that is the basis of all human morality." Physical risk never cowed John Kennedy, but there is another kind of consequence—one which Chester Bowles certainly faced in the company of those brilliant, elegant, rapier-quick young men—which can threaten a person like Kennedy more than any danger. That is: in order to be true to one's sense of morality—to state it or pursue it—one must, like Don Quixote, be prepared to look ridiculous. ■

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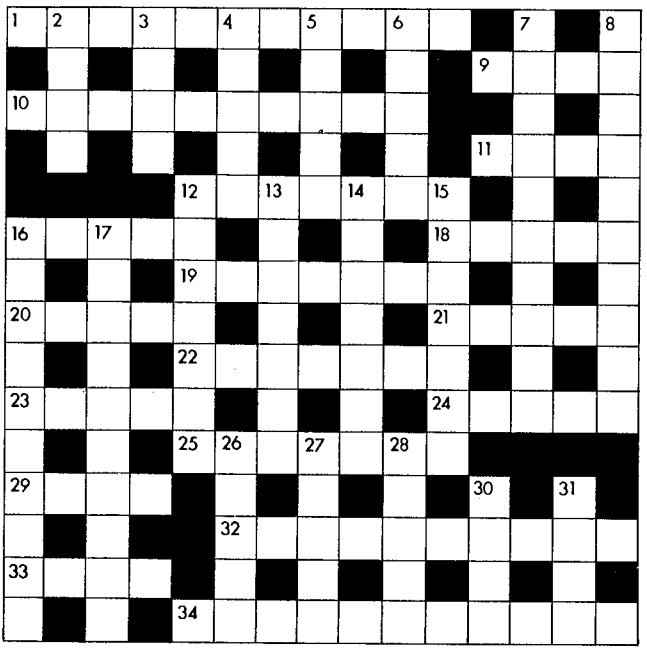
The Political Puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

1. Congress' action, but not with lewd Presidential proposal. (7, 4)
9. Respectable attire in Southern France. (4)
10. Coal today? (5, 5)
11. Georgia Carnegie follower. (4)
12. What cop does on rear streets. (7)
16. Give him and her it. (5)
18. No action as yet but it should come. (5)
19. Vindicates Mitchell off the avenue. (7)
20. Cat has more than Elvis. (5)
21. Effective way to get at nut. (5)
22. Hard look at Livy with ease. (4, 3)
23. Super ad follower. (5)
24. Cover the ears by mistake? (5)
25. Me write essays? Why not? (4, 3)
29. Pres. as ton follower. (4)
32. Italy relic found in backward areas. (10)
33. It droops at the end. Sorry! (4)
34. No cool saint is satisfied with some reward. (11)

Down

2. White Tammany follower. (4)
3. Hard thumb follower. (4)
4. He will repel us back again. (5)
5. So we'd try again to find water. (5)
6. What pessimist sees in new or strange events. (5)
7. You can detect him if face numb. (6, 4)
8. Cheats stir revenue-sharing proposals. (4, 6)
12. Early birds see new eras, sir. (7)
13. Moscow or Peking, for example. (3, 4)
14. High Fabian follower. (7)
15. Bring order to messy street. (7)
16. No evil ties for this medium. (10)
17. Saver posed First Amendment problems. (10)
26. Autopsy on Naomi confirms acid use. (5)
27. Lists water pollution causes. (5)
28. Praise a newly-converted freeway? (5)
30. Dixie auto follower. (4)
31. Choice opposite we were told. (4)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 6.

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Israel: Yesterday's Hero

by Georgie Anne Geyer

When a survey was taken of Israelis asking what people would be the most happy in the future, the majority answered that it would be the Americans and only 11 per cent answered that it would be the Israelis. Many Israelis were questioning the ultimate compatibility of the "hard line" against the Arabs and the preservation of Jewish humanistic values. Or, as one put it, "Can Israel maintain the martial posture of Sparta and the civic virtues of Athens?" And the young Israeli boys who faced three years of active duty in the army and then reserve duty until age 55 talked drearily about "the desert view" or "Bedouinism"—Israeli terms for the drying up of the mind and soul that comes from too much desert military duty.

Outside, it looked as if Israel were the winner; but inside, it did not feel that way. People were scared and, more, they were often traumatized. Everything—every reference, every question, every anger and yearning—revolved around the Arabs. This was natural; they were a tiny Jewish vessel being tossed on a turbulent Arab sea.

One American diplomat characterized the new mood and the dilemma in these words: "We have a simultaneous hardening and softening. There is a hardening on a governmental level and underneath an intensification of worry. Casualties are mounting. There are incidents with the Israeli Arabs. There is a feeling of hopelessness, that it will never end."

Or, as one Israeli diplomat told me, "It looks like we're losing just a few men on Suez, but the fact is we can't even bear the loss of that small number. We're too small a country. Every loss is like the loss of a family member. That's why we've got to strike harder and harder."

The first day I paid my respects to

Georgie Anne Geyer is a foreign correspondent for the Chicago Daily News. *This article is adapted from her book* The New 100 Years' War, *to be published by Doubleday & Company.* *Copyright 1971 by Georgie Anne Geyer.*

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the government information office and found myself talking to a charming older man from South Africa named Petan. "Yes, we've heard about *you*," he said at once when I entered his office. I didn't exactly understand then the reason for this initial (but only initial) hostility; later I discovered, rather to my astonishment that I, a long time sympathizer with Israel, was considered an enemy because I had reported from the Arab side and because, in particular, I had raised the question of whether Israel was mistreating or torturing prisoners in the occupied territories. I was astonished. Even the Soviet Union does not react like that any more—only the most dismal of the underdeveloped countries do. I was simply doing my job, and it was unthinkable to me that advanced, educated Israelis would take this defensive attitude. . . unless they felt very, very threatened.

Then he sighed and said immediately, "There's no question that we're losing the propaganda battle." I thought of Israel over the years, about how doggedly it had wooed the world propaganda-wise, and I was startled. "We see it with the New Left kids who come in here every day—and with the papers of Western Europe. The Arab countries have been able to show themselves as the underdogs, and that underdog image is hard to beat."

He got up and stared for a moment at the map of the Middle East in which Israel, even with its territories tripled by its victories in 1967, still remained a tiny enclave in a huge Arab land mass. "Just look at that map," he said. "Yet it has become the fashion, so to speak, to represent Israel as a brutal militaristic power intent only on crushing its sadly inefficient neighbors who are unable to compete with Israeli technology. We're the strong aggressor—we're the establishment to these kids. There's not much romance here. Everything is too modern, too westernized. There's not much romance in selling gladiolas from a kibbutz. It's not like Arabs on horseback."

Jews as Victors

What was to strike me forcibly was the fact that Israel was no longer the Cinderella of the Western World, for the simple reason that Cinderella could never be an occupying general. They were living in a state where 40 per cent of the GNP was going for defense and where the average of 20 deaths a month they were sustaining at that time was equal to 1,500 American deaths a month. The war had actually saved Israel—before the 1967 war, emigration was so high there had been a sign at Lod airport reading, "Will the last one out please turn off the light?" But it had also saddled Israel—and the world—with the new image of the Jews as victors.

There was a strong disappointment here in the gradual realization that the rest of the world did not like the Israeli so much as victor as it liked him as struggler. The world was uncomfortable with these unpersecuted Jews, and the Israelis were bitterly cynical about the fact the world didn't like them so much now that they were so successful.

Too, as with Americans, there was a certain lack of form among the Israelis. They had destroyed and built everything so fast there was no time to create new forms. And the brazen, open person, so attractive in pioneer days, becomes less attractive as a boss or a sergeant. He has none of the style and manners and civilized forms that, for instance, the British have and which brought them through the worst of times with their style and their dignity intact.

The changes in the Jewish state should have been expected, of course. No country ever stays in that early, romantic, super-idealized, hyper-charged state in which Israel was born. That generation passes—always—and a new generation comes which is more practical, more businesslike, more pragmatic, and less soulful. A generation, even, that despises the dreams of

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its parents. It struck me that Israel had simply matured, and yet very few people seemed to want to realize this. This unwillingness and inability to live within the strictures of this new state was distorting the entire Israeli existence outside it and making people uncomfortable within it.

The country itself remained as vibrant and lovely as ever. Tel Aviv buzzed with activity and with a nice, totally unique, Jewish/Middle-Eastern/Berlin/cosmopolitan/American flavor. Its outdoor cafes on the broad avenues were filled with the usual lively people, and the youngsters were more handsome and more breezy than ever. The road to Jerusalem was still one of the most glorious drives in the world, ending as it does with the breathtaking entry into the old city while the desert views all around it tore at the soul and salved it at the same time.

If you drove north from Tel Aviv, you traveled the brilliantly blue Mediterranean that slapped at your side, ringing with old voices. Caesar was here... the Crusaders were here... Paul walked here.... One day, in a driving rain, I stopped by myself to see the golden ruins of Ceasaria, the old Crusader city on the sea. It was a wild and windy day, and the rain seemed driven down like pieces of glass. The rain swirled about me with such life and power that it seemed to me all the historic energy of the centuries was, in that moment, there.

From a high apartment building in Tel Aviv you could see the outskirts of Jerusalem. You could drive the whole length of the country in a couple of hours. It was such a little country to be the reason for more than 100 million people to be locked in total combat over it... such a troubled country.

The Old Days

Some Israelis saw the problems clearly. A friend of mine at the Foreign Ministry, who is a very discerning man, talked about the Israeli complex, about the whole world being against it. "The publicity is not against Israel," he said, "but there are just more reporters here now. Before, many would not report anything bad about Israel because of anti-Semitism. Now Israel is open to objective reporting for the first time. It is part of the new role of the state." Yet—there was no question about it—they were finding it very hard to be treated in this objective way.

Another man who saw very clearly what was going on and analyzed it was Dr. Amnon Rubinstein, the young, vibrant, incisive dean of the Law School at Tel Aviv University and a particularly popular newspaper columnist. "Israelis today are very pragmatic," he told me as we sat one evening in his office and chatted. "They are very strong in terms of the visions and idealism of the earlier days. They've gone through everything... revolution... change.... There is no end to anything. I think this produces a feeling of realism, yet also one with paradoxes. There is more idealism and personal courage here than in any society I know. But the idealism today takes different forms. Today people are not satisfied working without rewards. The old kibbutz spirit is dead. The younger generation... is far more sophisticated and pacifist. There is a black humor. A few days after the war, they gave a review in Tel Aviv called 'You and I and the Next War' and another one, 'Catsup,' which made fun of Israel as a 'brave little country.' "

It was not like that, of course, in the "early days." Immediately after the creation of the state of Israel in 1948, nearly the whole world applauded roaringly. Support of Israel in the United States was so total that it was nearly impossible to find any realistic mention or analysis of the brutal conflicts between Arabs and Jews between 1917 and 1948, which laid the troubled basis for the new state. In the first decade of its existence, Americans contributed more than $1 billion

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in gifts, largely through the United Jewish Appeal, and bought another $500 million in bonds. Another $250 million in private American investment went into Israel plus another $800 million in U.S. aid. Unlike any arrangement with any other country, the U. S. permitted tax-deductible donations to Israel, and all American sentiments were with Israel. But mainly the Israelis did it themselves, and the saga of their first 20 years of building up their state is one of the great historic sagas of all time. For them, it was Israel or destruction. The passion of a return to Zion had informed Jewish religion and Jewish passions for centuries—"Next year in Jerusalem," they greeted each other in their Diaspora all over the world—by World War II, they considered it not a dream but the only reality possible. Unless they had their own homeland and their own nation, like other nationalities, the Hitler-hurled Jewish refugees reasoned, they would be persecuted to the end of time. If, indeed, they lasted that long. And so they became even more filled with the sense of a Biblical inevitability of a return.

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Hawkish Attitudes

Where is the truth? It is a little bit here and a little bit there. And many times, it is nowhere. For the important element in the Middle East conflict is not that the Jews did *this* at a certain time or the Arabs did *this* at another. The important thing is how different are the two peoples. The Jews, while often traumatized underneath, are rational people on an action level. They live in a democratic, finely-functioning state in which very nearly every citizen takes an active role. The Jews are the ultimate activists, while the Arabs are the ultimate sulkers—the men who would rather lose than have anyone hear them say a "dishonorable" thing. Which is why they so often lose.

Perhaps only one thing further needs to be pointed out at this time—this is a warning not to compare things in the Middle East today too literally to other times. Today is not Nazi Germany again. As strange and irrational as it may seem, the Arabs genuinely fear the Israelis. Dimont, an eminently fair Jewish scholar, warns that "rightly or wrongly, the Arabs think they have good cause to fear the Jews, because in their eyes the Jews have dispossessed them from what they consider their land. The Arabs are playing the political game the way it always has been played, mobilizing fears to unify dissident factions. It is anti-Jewish, yes, but certainly not anti-Semitic."

The first years of the Jewish state—despite the always-present threat of the Arabs—must have been ecstatic. "It was as close to an idyllic society as any I have ever seen," one Israeli friend told me. And most felt that way. This enormous confidence and understandable pride in what they had accomplished in so short a time lasted through the 1956 war over Suez

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and came to a peak right after the enormous victories of the 1967 war. This victory made, initially, generous victors out of the Israelis, many of whom then were ready to give back all the Arab territories they occupied during the flash-flood war in exchange for peace, but it made even more sulking and furious enemies out of the Arabs, driven by this further humiliation into an even more maddened position.

As William Polk has put it, "Taunted by the notion that they were merely, in the words of the Balfour Declaration, the 'existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine,' infuriated by their own incapability to act, their inability to coalesce into an effective national unit in the face of the European or the Zionist challenge, ever trying to prove that theirs was not the 'empty land' depicted in early Zionist literature, the Arabs retreated from reality into a world of myth, posture, and pretense." And while the Arabs, in their failure having grown more and more fanaticized, became surer that they must purge themselves of the "stain" of Israel on the map of the Middle East, the Israelis began questioning—moral questioning.

This moral questioning, of course, revolved not only around the war but largely around the questions of the occupied territories, those 50,000 square miles of Arab land and those one million Arabs which Israel took under occupation after the 1967 war.

What do you do, the Israelis started asking with troubled eyes, when you are caught in our dilemma? We have this war we never wanted, you see—we were about to be attacked. Now we have 1.3 million Arabs, most of them hostile and smoldering, in territories we feel we have to occupy for our own protection.

Some Israelis were saying, "Give them back, we are not occupiers of other people's lands." Most said, "No, give them back and these people will rise to destroy you as they have promised for 20 years." "But if you keep them," still others argued, "don't you realize that with only 2.5 million Jews you soon won't have a Jewish state —which is all the reason for this suffering and killing?"

And there were the other nibbling, nagging, niggling questions. How do you, as Jews, who have suffered more than probably any other single people in the world, justify the suffering you are now inflicting on others, even if they instigated it? Are you really treating them, as the Clovises and as many Europeans and even young American Jews contend, not like human beings but as "obstacles"? How can your fathers and mothers be sure their children will not be as indifferent to the Arabs' suffering as your persecutors were to yours? Have you created a new race—Israelis and not Jews? And what is an Israeli Jew—what is the justification for the state itself—when most Israelis no longer practice Judaism?

Arab Humiliation

While the Israelis suffered over these questions, the Arab attacks continued so brutally and Arab rhetoric continued so blindingly that there was occurring an unquestionable hardening of Israeli attitudes—toward the Arabs and toward peace as well. In the spring of 1971, a Louis Harris poll showed the growing hawkishness of the Israelis: with 53 per cent of them thinking that "Arabs are lazier than Israelis," 74 per cent finding them "less intelligent than Israelis," and 67 per cent "inferior to Israelis." This was in contradistinction to the Arab attitude toward Israelis—the Arabs thought the Israelis evil, but brilliantly so.

The same poll also showed a growingly hawkish attitude toward the occupied territories. Eighteen per cent wanted to retain all the occupied territories and three per cent wanted to expand them. Only four per cent would return all the lands, and substantial majorities wanted to keep the key areas of East Jerusalem,

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Sharm el Sheikh, the Golan Heights, and parts of the Sinai Desert. By a 58 per cent to 34 per cent margin, Israelis found it difficult to feel sympathy for the Palestinian refugees because they believed so many of them wanted to see Israel destroyed, and only two per cent wanted them to be allowed to return to Israel. The predominant view (57 per cent) was that the refugees should be settled in Arab countries with Israel paying them compensation.

In some of his writings, Amnon Rubinstein, one of Israel's most perceptive sons and analysts, has pointed out that this suspicion and distrust of everything outside—this innate hawkishness—is deeply imbedded in the Israeli soul. It exists not only in the older generation of Jews, he says, but coexists in the Sabra [native-born Israeli] with his well-known openness. This is because of the Jews' historic distrust first of the gentile or "goyim," then of the Arabs, then of protection by international bodies. A distrust that is often based on fact and often is not and only reinforces itself. He further points out that, in Hebrew, the word "goy" means both "gentile" and "nation." In Israel, Jews were to become a nation like all other nations, and thus escape these centuries-old fears of the always-persecuted wandering Jew. But though the nation has been smashingly successful, the fear—succored by the new reality of a sea of surrounding Arabs—did not die.

Key to all these debates—a dark catalyst here as in the Arab world—were the Palestinian commandos. To the Israelis, they were "terrorists" and nothing more; captured, the commandos in Israel were treated as civil and not political prisoners, and the Israelis called them not "fedayeen" (those who sacrifice) but "meshablim" (the dark forces). They had good reason, often enough, to despise them, for while many of the commandos showed extraordinary courage in crossing the Jordan River border, others showed extraordinary cowardice—their kind of attack was to throw a bomb into a school bus.

Still, very few Israelis, I found, were any more willing to try to understand the real motivations and sufferings of the commandos and the Palestinians than the commandos were willing to understand theirs. But some were.

I was sitting in the office of our stringer, Jay Bushinksy, and another journalist the second day I was in Tel Aviv in the big Beit Na'ariv building, and we were talking about the wonderful panoply of "characters" in Israel. "You should see them, " Jay was saying. "One is more fascinating than the other."

"She should see Begin," the other journalist said. "He was commander of the Irgun and now he's. . . ."

"Or the doctor," Jay went on. "What a marvelous character. Whenever he would see the Israeli police mistreating an Arab in any way, he'd go up to the policeman and insist that he be arrested too."

"Or Yalin-Mor," the other young man went on. "He was commander of the Stern Gang, and now he's a prominent dove."

I perked up. "Could we get in touch with him?" I asked Jay. The former chief terrorist, now a dove! It was too good to be true. The next evening I saw Nathan Yalin-Mor.

Israeli Doves

He lived then in a roomy modern apartment on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, and I immediately liked the man. He had one of the most engaging faces I have ever seen—indeed, I could not take my eyes off it. It was a round face with a large handlebar moustache, and it was both very sensitive and rather comical. He looked like a Jewish character actor of the old school, from Poland or Hungary. It turned out that he had been born in Poland.

Yalin-Mor was worried. "Nothing can endanger our national existence," he ruminated that evening. "But in

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the course of time our country could be turned into a state not very pleasant to live in. It could become a garrison state. The repressions of the Arabs could also come to apply to Israeli citizens, and everyone who talks against repressions could be considered a traitor.

"Sure we'd win another round. But is that the aim of our lives. . . to have wars without end? We have the army reserve now until age 55. It would be like France at the time of Napoleon, where every consecutive victory meant taking older and older soldiers."

Yalin-Mor was one of a group of Israeli peaceniks who thought his government was all wrong on its treatment of the Arab commandos, and it came to me after talking with him for a while that he understood the motivations of the "terrorists" on the other side because he had understood his own.

"To me, it is no surprise that many Israeli Arabs are joining in Arab terrorist acts," he told me that night. He smiled, "I do not use 'terrorist' in a pejorative sense," he added. "I myself was called a terrorist, and I knew I was fighting for the highest ideals of life. Collective punishment. . . only pushes the Arab population into the hands of the Arab resistance. I remember how interested we were for the British to put collective punishment on the Jews. It would only build barriers between the British and the Jewish population. People who know something about national liberation movements should know this. Mao wrote that the terrorists are the fish in the water of the people. Well, collective punishment makes the water more abundant.

"Harsh punishments work only for the benefit of the organization, for the people with no courage then fall by the wayside. The movement starts to attract only the most idealistic element. There are terrorists of several types, some who want to be executed because they believe that helps their nation's fight and they believe they gain eternity. It is silly talk to think they will be frightened by executions. The Israeli government works for Fatah by giving the impression it is going to annex the Arab populations in these areas. It gives credit to their political theories and makes them look like a national liberation movement."

He showed me one article he had published which was astonishing for its forthrightness. "Palestine has given birth to two nations," he wrote, "the Hebrew and the Palestinian Arab nation. Both nations have just claims to the same motherland, like two children who claim the love of the same mother. We are not entitled to deny the just right also of the Palestinian people to this country. They, too, are attached to it not by the virtue of some caprice, but of the fact that they have been living here for 13 centuries; by virtue of the fact that for generations they buried their dead in this land, developed a national-popular culture in it.

"It is regrettable that one may hear Israeli leaders in the highest offices, including the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, and the Minister of Information, denying knowledge of the existence of the Palestinian nation. They have forgotten, or they prefer not to remember, that only 21 years ago statesmen and also leading intellectuals negated the existence of the Jewish nation. A nation exists from the day that a certain society attains independent national consciousness, and that needs no confirmation from outside."

I read this with great interest, while he smiled a gentle, somewhat sad smile. "When that was published in Australia," he interjected, "there was a Jewish typesetter, and he put an extra line of his own in." His eyes sparkled. "It was, 'This is bloody rubbish!' "

Occasionally, when Yalin-Mor talked about things less serious, he got an impish look on his face. "I could be critical of many things the Arab terrorists do," he said, "as a man of

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the same... metier. But I don't think I'll give them any advice."

The only time when he lost, for just a moment, his charming manner was when I referred to the "Stern Gang." He almost winced. "Ah, yes, the Stern Gang," he said, almost sadly. "The British called us that. We called ourselves the Stern Group. Just as now *we* call *them* 'terrorists'."

Later, after I left Yalin-Mor, I thought about him... and about everything. Such a charming, gentle man. Yet I remembered that the Stern Gang had been one of the most brutal of all terrorist gangs of all time. He had been in on the murder of the Swedish mediator, Count Folke Bernadotte, whom the Jews thought was giving too much land to the Arabs. It occurred to me to remember that Yalin-Mor had been sipping a lemon squash in a cafe that night in 1948 when the announcer broke into the music from the loudspeaker and said, "Count Folke Bernadotte... was assassinated in Jerusalem today." He had put down his lemon squash and calmly listened to the details—details he had helped plan. "I suppose they'll be looking for me," he said to his companions. "Let's go." It was no accident that those responsible for Count Bernadotte's death were never punished—the new state of Israel rewarded the Stern Gang for the assassination with no prosecutions.

Contempt or Hatred?

The debate on the "terrorists" went on and on in Israel, "It is very serious," my friend Boaz Evron, the well-known commentator for the newspaper Yediuth Aharonot, told me one day. "You have two peoples with absolute demands. What the Arabs are thinking about is really genocide. On the other hand, we could destroy them. What I fear is that if Israel gets into a paroxysm of anger, it will destroy everything between Turkey and Aswan."

The government seemed convinced that its position was correct. The Arabs, they argued, would eventually give up under the pressure of enough "punishment." They only understood a strong hand from Israel and only respected a strong hand. The application of more and more Israeli air power to Suez and even to the interior of Egypt would eventually bring the Arabs around. It would be gradual, for hadn't the war gone on already for 30 years? But, eventually, they would be forced to sue for peace or see all their own internal development fall by the wayside of the war. The important thing for Israel was to keep the cease-fire lines. Moreover, Israel could not give up one piece of the occupied territories until a permanent peace treaty—with concomitant recognition of Israel—was signed.

Even those "doves" who were in strongest opposition to this Golda Meir-Moshe Dayan government policy had few answers—their "answers" tended to be more in the area of the kind of attitude Israel should take than in specific suggestions. Of these doves, who only managed to get a meager 5,000 votes in the 1969 elections, the leader and the finest spokesman was Yehoshua Arieli, a big, kindly man who is professor of history at Hebrew University.

The day I saw him in his office there he looked discouraged... perhaps saddened is a better word. He talked of the Middle East being caught up in an "anonymous process.... Nobody makes it. It makes itself. It is the logic of the situation, not of man. I don't see how anything could change." To Dr. Arieli, the first step for Israel was to realize that she and not the Arabs must take the initiatives—the policy of strong-arm offense was counterproductive—and then to make the qualitative change in attitude that would enable a new step to be taken. "I always said we should differentiate between our side and the other," he told me in his measured, thoughtful way. "The possibility that the other side will make a gesture of peace is nil. The regimes are dictatorial, unstable. Hatred against Israel is

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indoctrinated into the masses for 25 years. It is a typical situation of international tension in which both fear EVERY change of the status quo and the situation increases the insecurity about what the other side should do. If we take a unilateral step, we don't know how the other side will react."

But the next step? That, as we used to say when we were children, was the killer. And here it was quite literally that. As my friend from the Foreign Ministry said one day in Tel Aviv, as we sat lunching in the Gondola, "Tell us. . . tell us what to do? What should we do?" And I had to admit. . . I thought that some of the things Israel was doing were clearly counterproductive, but even if these things were corrected there was not the slightest assurance that that would cause the Arabs to talk, or even bring peace any closer.

In the Israeli universities, there were admirable departments of Oriental studies, where some of the finest scholars studied and restudied the Arab world. There were 10 scholars at Tel Aviv University alone. But on a popular level, little of this understanding of the Arab world seemed to creep through. "You know Arabs," a cab driver told me bitterly. If you give them an inch, they take everything." Another said they were "the type of people who only understand force." Prof. Rubenstein probably put it most deftly:

"There is a general contempt for the Arabs," he said. "The people generally despise them. But they don't hate them. And they despise them not because they lost the war but because, for instance, the way they treat prisoners. They wanted to make friends with the Arabs after the 1967 war. There was even a snob appeal as to who had Arab friends. Now all that is past. A year ago, we could still talk to the Arabs. Not now. Every day the roots of the conflict grow deeper."

It was clear the Israelis thought of the Arabs as some exotic, non-trustworthy "tribe." How much difference was there, really, between a Western European looking down on the Orthodox Jews, with their strange, archaic ways and curls and the modern, technically-oriented Israeli looking down on Arabs, with their strange, archaic ways?

On the other hand, the parents feared their children would learn to hate the Arabs, and did everything they could to expunge any signs of hatred. An attitude refreshingly different from the hatred inculcated in Arab children by *their* parents. Still, over and over, I noticed a strangeness about this self-conscious determination not to hate the Arabs, who after all were daily bombing, kidnapping, and killing Israelis. To a great extent, the Israelis came to treat them almost as if they did not exist. It occurred to me as I wandered around Tel Aviv that perhaps they could not bear to allow themselves the luxury of reacting spontaneously; they were afraid they might find in themselves the same hatreds that throughout history they had found in their own persecutors.

American Jews

Sociologists and historians say that the young in Israel were far more apt to accept the Arab as inferior and worthless than the old. And the older people were increasingly concerned over the increasing isolation of their country and their young people in the world. For while these older Jews were, in the best sense of the word and not the pejorative sense, "cosmopolites," that is men with a truly sophisticated and yearning knowledge of the world, of other peoples, of the sciences and the humanities and languages, the young people were not.

One aspect of this was the curious disinterest on the part of the young in language. Hebrew, obviously, was a very limited language, spoken by only a minuscule number of people in the world. For this reason, eight years of English study are compulsory in the Israeli schools. But it is astonishing how few young Israelis were speaking

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anything resembling workable English.

I found, too, a curious and hesitant ambivalence among the older Jews about the young. "When I was a child here," a fortyish official in the Foreign Office told me one day at lunch, "this was the most idyllic country you could imagine. Today it is changed. Perhaps all countries go through that pattern. And yet the youth today... they are able technocrats."

A sixtyish kibbutznik who arrived in the midst of Israel's most idealistic period 35 years ago, Mrs. Chava Shing, whom I met one day at Kirjat Tivon in the beautiful Nazareth hills, put it this way: "I don't know.... Somehow it didn't turn out the way we thought it would. It's good, and the younger generation is good. They fight hard and work hard, and we have no troubles with drugs and those things. But..." she paused, unsure herself as to how to classify her sense of unease, "we didn't expect it to be like other countries. We expected more idealism, less class consciousness, less materialism."

With Israelis of this generation, who were the giants of the creation of the Jewish state, there is today a slight yearning for paradise lost, for the years of the great victories—and the great sacrifices—and perhaps, too, the years of absolute moral certainties. As for their children, they never knew quite so viscerally that it was paradise because, unlike their parents, they had never known hell.

But the difference is not only generational in Israel, it is national and international. There are distinct differences between the Jews of Israel today, who comprise 16 per cent of world Jewry, and the Jews of the rest of the world. The discrepancies—often more than that—between the ideas of the young American Jews and the Israelis come out constantly. On the radio one day, for instance, young American Jews were discussing war and peace with Israelis and there was a marked difference in attitudes. The Americans felt Israel was so hung up on security that it precluded any progress towards peace. "We understand why you are preoccupied with war. You feel your survival is at stake," one American said, "but we can't see how you'll ever achieve peace unless you look at the Arab view of things. We know there are no pat solutions, but we don't think the path you're following is likely to bring peace."

An Israeli youth answered, typically, "It's all well and good to talk about understanding the Arabs, but we know that if we don't survive, we can't worry about Israeli-Arab relations 20 years from now." Another said, "When they blow up bridges and bus stops, then counter measures don't bother us at all."

Is the New Israeli a Jew?

The Israeli youth are less ideological than their parents. They spurn ideology. They are even bored with Zionism, and one of the reasons there is a feeling of uneasiness about the state at this moment is that the leadership—almost all of which comes from the generation of the second Aliyah and is thus highly ideological and passionately Zionist—is so out of step with the young. "The state is created now, why do we need Zionism?" asked one young Sabra. This new man, this Sabra, is a little embarrassed by the bravado which attended the early years of the state. The "Exodus" syndrome, which is so popular with American Jews, frankly horrifies him. "They don't think you should get praised for doing something that is your duty," one government spokesman told me.

All of this has created a new Israeli with few of the complexes, emotional scars, and traumas of his parents. But it has also created a new Israeli with little of their fascination, with none of that splendid metaphysical mystery that has always characterized the Jews, and with little of that gut and intellectual humanitarianism that sets the Jew apart... and finally, tragically, aside. It is simple—he finds the constant nagging reminders of his grand-

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fathers' sufferings tiresome.

It is even possible to ask today: Is this new Israeli really a Jew? This is not a mischievous question. For the simple fact is that in this "Jewish state," fewer and fewer of the population practice Judaism. Among the young, almost none do. There is no question that the secularization of the Israeli state is proceeding steadily. The Supreme Court ruled in 1970, in the Shalitt case, that people can have Jewish nationality without practicing the Jewish religion, thus changing the entire basis of original Zionism and, in effect, opening the country to non-Jews.

What, then, is it to be a "Jew"? Boaz Evron, columnist and philosopher, puts it this way, "I'm an atheist, but when I read the Bible, it's not a religious book, it's a national book. When you know Hebrew, the Bible is the feel of the country, the shape of its national consciousness. Zionism has changed. It is now a tool in the hands of the government to mobilize world Jewry. Now we follow our own interests, and when we hear of the troubles of Jews elsewhere, we're not sure we have an affinity.

"What is Jewish here today is not exactly religious. What counts is that there is a nation here. I feel it. My friends feel it."

To older and Orthodox Jews, this outlook is anathema, and contradictions between Jewish religiosity-Jewish nationality and spirituality-materialism seemed for many to come to a head last year with the fire started in the Al Aksa mosque in Jerusalem by a fanatic Australian Christian, Denis Rohan.

What Rohan, who was adjudged mentally insane, did was to bring attention to the Jews' centuries-old promise to rebuild the temple of Solomon, which stood until its destruction by the Romans in 70 A.D. on the site of Al Aksa. The rebuilding of the temple was one of the spiritual purposes of the return to Israel.

However, until 1967 the site and the mosque were in Jordanian hands. The reality of the question never emerged, and the promise was never challenged. Since then, rabbis point out, there has been utter silence on the question of the rebuilding—not only because of the inappropriateness of destroying other religions' holy places but because it is clearly of no importance to modern Israelis.

"Israel today is schizoid," said the rabbi of a large synagogue in Jerusalem. "The state of Israel was founded on the idea not only of a return to a piece of land, but of a spiritual return. The great moral driving force that brought Jews to the shores of Palestine in 1948 was the literal belief that we were chosen by God to give back to the world a body of faith. Now we have the comforts of materialism. Actual physical rebuilding of the temple is not necessary—it is only symbolic of putting emphasis on the spiritual as well as the material side of life."

This type of comment is typical of a vague, amorphous disappointment many older Israelis feel with their state today. A disappointment, ironically, that comes of the very success of the new state. . . and of the enormity of the creation of a totally new Jewish man, the Israeli. For what troubles the older Israelis, underneath, when you really get down to it, is the fear that this new man, so efficient in work, so courageous in war, so brilliant in conceptualizing, does not have the basis of suffering that made of his fathers unusually humanitarian men and made the Jews such an extraordinary people.

Ironically, it was only in their return to the promised land after nearly 2,000 years, only in their return to the mount where the temple was to be rebuilt, that the Jews for the first time in their history created a secular generation for whom the old Jewish customs, so guarded and cherished all those years in exile, no longer matter so passionately.

It was not only "What will the Arabs do to us?" but "What have we done to ourselves?"■

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The Screwing of the Average Man

The first in a series on this subject.

by John Rothchild

As the average man gets more skeptical about affairs of the world, he takes more of his daily life on blind faith. For example, he has probably read some of the Pentagon Papers, but not his Allstate liability policy. He doesn't accept what Nixon says about the economy, yet he accepts without question what some strange mechanic says about his cam shaft. He mistrusts political experts, but he gladly turns his teeth, his plumbing, or his life savings over to other experts about whom he knows little, if anything.

This trend accelerates as more people receive higher education to expand their horizons. While snake oil was sold primarily to the ignorant, it is now the ignorant who are most keenly aware that they are getting screwed in daily life. The average man gets less aware as he becomes more specialized and more informed. He is always thinking about something else as he is herded in and out of the supermarket lines and bank windows, silently accepting the 30 per cent fat in his all-meat hotdog or the four per cent interest on his meager savings account, moving quietly with the rest like refugees through a checkpoint.

Groggy from the drumming of registers, we shuffle through these lines only half aware. On the rare occasions we discover we have been gypped, we suffer alone and quietly pay the check. It is rude to delay the zombies behind us and impractical to cause a ruckus. Some of us secretly fear that if we stand up to product fraud we will be called "consumers" or "defenders of consumerism." While these words were invented to revive

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the heroic fellowship of oppression conveyed by "masses" and "inevitable class struggle," somehow they conjure up only acid indigestion or the petty hordes at the post-Christmas complaint windows. While we are all consumers, few of us feel comfortable being singled out as such.

The average American is also reluctant to probe the depths of his screwing because he is relatively better off than before. Total national income has risen from $414 billion in 1960 to over $800 billion in 1971, with the largest share of the increase going to the middle class. John Kenneth Galbraith told us in 1958 that we were the affluent society and that our overeating was an eloquent refutation of classical economics, which has always believed man's natural state to be poverty. "Now goods are abundant," Galbraith said. "More die in the United States of too much food than of too little. Where the population was once thought to press on the food supply, now the food supply presses relentlessly on the population."

At the same time we were informed of our gluttony, we also discovered millions of poor among us. This dichotomy encouraged the growth of consumer guilt. Defective products served as a kind of absolution. If the toaster broke, it was probably because we didn't deserve it anyway. And like Easter flagellation in Italy, it humbled and purified so we could go out and buy more.

For all these reasons, the average man is probably still unaware of the drubbing he took during the last decade, the beneficiaries of his sophistication and piety being the large banks, corporations, and insurance companies. We got the shaft not only at the checkpoints, but all along the chains of trade in ways of which we are only remotely aware. The freelance swindler was gradually driven out as swindling became company policy, and the profits from this formed a kind of reverse income tax, preserving the investment incentives of the rich by transferring back to them most of the excess that might have been invested modestly by small individuals.

Screwor or Screwee

Senator Philip Hart has tried to compute the tab on this humdrum fraud and has come up with a figure of over $200 billion a year. For every $100 the average man shells out, about $30 is pure sucker money, lost to overpricing, underquality, or surcharges. While this figure may be inflated by transfer swindling—that is, the auto salesman screwing the doctor by the same amount of money the doctor screws him—the total is an impressive monument to the heritage of the American huckster and a good illustration of why the Mafia had to go into legitimate business to survive.

While we all can feel outrage that our fleece is getting collectively clipped to this degree, there is still the problem of deciding whether we, as individuals, are screwors or screwees. The real estate man may hustle the auto saleman, but someday that real estate man will have to buy another car. Then he will be hit with the defensive overcharge, as all things tend toward the natural equilibrium of fraudulence.

It is hard to measure one's relative position in this equilibrium because almost everybody considers himself an average man. Both a person getting an income of $50,000 a year and one making $8,000 can think of himself as middle class and believe that the rest of the class roughly shares his characteristics.

While the distance between both ends of the middle class are as great as the gulf between the rich and poor in underdeveloped countries, we Americans place ourselves on the same cozy plateau. The richer average men enjoy a revolutionary solidarity with the masses without having to suffer the discomfort of income redistribution. The relatively poor middle-class workers look up and have difficulty isolating the enemy from all their

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equals.

Within the camouflage of the middle class, however, one can begin to ferret out the plateaus on the way to fiscal Nirvana. Usually, one's economic caste roughly coincides with one's degree of professionalism. During the 1960s, the largest increases in salary went to the professionals, with the median income of doctors rising from $28,000 a year to over $50,000 in less than 10 years. Since the general rule is that the higher the caste, the more people one is able to screw, it may be worthwhile to examine the effect that the expert boom has had on the pocketbook of the average man.

The Paper Hearth

We can calculate the impact of the expert on human affairs by looking at one example: the house. It is worth remembering that in the days before specialization and pervasive mutual screwing, home construction was a neighborly act that filled the community with feelings of good will. These feelings are now encouraged by the giving away by the subdivision owners of free cameras or baseball tickets to the new occupants.

Where the building of the house was once a matter for carpenters, now it involves a growing industry of scribes, heraldic researchers, and protocol officers—people who have been idle since the decline of the family tree business. The construction of a house was once a delicate, complicated matter, but now it has become a simple, pre-fab affair. The imagination that once went into the building now goes into the purchasing, as the real craftsmanship of the experts is demonstrated in the transaction of "closing."

Closing costs were originally trivial fees involved in signing papers and verifying titles. But according to a Veterans Administration study, these costs are currently averaging $1,783 for FHA-insured homes and $2,422 for VA homes. Since the homes in the study were in the $20,000 range, closing costs amount to nearly 10 per cent of the sale price.

This money generates a pageantry that could not fail to excite even the least ceremonial of minds. The VA explains the steps: FHA application fee, "charged for a conditional commitment to insure"; credit report, "charge for report on mortgagor's financial and credit status"; survey; title examination; title insurance; attorney fees, "charges designated as attorney fees, not reportable elsewhere"; origination fee, "lender charge to the borrower for making the loan"; preparation of documents; closing fee; recording fees, "fees charged by local authority for recording the instruments"; state or local transfer taxes; escrow fees; and termite inspection.

This is the basic closing cost model, but the VA also left space on their survey for fancier maneuvers like "charges for amortization schedules, photographs, truth-in-lending statements, etc."

While a careful emphasis on building materials and carpentry once protected the buyer from the vagaries of wind, storms, and snow, this new emphasis on housing paperwork protects him from the more abstract dangers of a complex, modern society. The rationale given for most closing cost transactions is that they are there for the buyer's safety. Since the enemy takes a form invisible to the common man, the professional closing cost people are there to insure that the dangers are properly guarded against.

One such danger is the land title defect, which the American Land Title Association (ALTA) has tried to bring to the attention of the public through radio spots by Senator John Sparkman, Lloyd Nolan of NBC's "Julia," and Beverly Garland of CBS's "My Three Sons." They also produce a television ad that explains the human side of the drama—a family is enjoying a quiet Saturday when an irate woman rattles the screen door,

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waves a forgotten deed, and demands that the squatters get out of her house. The occupants, who had no way of knowing there was a claim on the title, would be out in the cold without title insurance.

For a large amount of money, paid in a lump sum when the house is purchased, a buyer is given relief from this worry so he can enjoy his property without fear. Title insurance now costs the home buyer somewhere between $100 and $400, depending on where he lives. While the VA study said the average title insurance fee amounts to $117, another study of 600 mortgages done by the Institute for Urban Life found average costs to range from $126 in San Antonio to $384 in Newark.

Title claims are, of course, very infrequent and seem to occur mostly in rural areas. In cities, with the large turnover in property, the title to a house, insured with each separate purchase, may have been searched dozens of times. Curiously, title insurance costs significantly less in the rural areas, where the risk is greater. Sometimes, the title people are careful enough to give double security, as in subdivision homes which are protected en masse by title insurance on the entire subdivision, and then protected again when each homeowner has to buy a separate title insurance policy.

Overall, the risk is so small that title companies have become profitable enough to merit the legislative scrutiny of Senator William Proxmire. His staff concludes that for each additional year's liability, title insurance losses are less than one dollar for a $10,000 house, and less than $1.60 for a $20,000 house. This scarcity of claims made it possible for the title industry to turn a 13 per cent profit last year, one of the most lucrative of all insurance operations.

The average buyer is not even permitted to decide whether or not he wants to take the risk of title defect and thus save some himself money. When Marty Lobel, of Senator Proxmire's staff, bought a house, he attempted to conduct his own title search, a simple matter of going to the recorder's office and looking through property logs. The real estate company would not let him do it. He met with similar resistance when he attempted to get a mortgage without buying the insurance.

While title insurance alone is estimated to screw the home buyer to the tune of $50 million a year, the other parts of the closing transaction are equally suspect. The buyer is often forced to put money in an escrow account, from which various mortgage fees are paid. He cannot keep the money in the bank, collecting interest, and pay the fees himself. He is also subject to taxes on the transfer of the house (above and beyond normal real estate taxes) that can amount to as much as two per cent of the total cost. And he often must pay lender's fees and "points" for getting the mortgage loan, as a form of what the Mafia call "vigorish," or a kickback for the originator of the deal.

Closing costs are just one example of the effect of expertise. The entrance of professionals into an affair of life previously left up to popular common sense is usually accompanied by a large number of typewriters, a code of ethics and the elimination of price competition. It is also accompanied by the revelation of a new danger from which the public was previously unprotected. In fact, the total danger in modern life seems to grow along with the number of new professions as our worry about starvation, accidents and crime expands into title defects, feminine hygiene deodorant, and teeth tartar.

Exorbitance is Excellence

Already, we not only have professionals, but three different kinds of professionals.

The premier hucksters are the high professionals. They are characterized by the fact that what they sell cannot be understood or evaluated by the

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people who receive it. High professionals are therefore the only ones qualified to assess the value of their services, which is usually quite high. The beneficiary of high professional services does not actually shell out the money directly from his own wallet, but pays indirectly through taxation. If he had a direct choice, the client's ignorance of the value of the product might lead him to keep the money, thus threatening high professionalism.

This group includes roughly anybody who is paid to think or administrate for federal, state, or local government or for any organization that gives or receives grants.

The advantage of high professionalism, aside from the salaries, is that if you put out a defective product, nobody can tell. In the same way that Thorstein Veblen understood the Catholic Church as the most privileged of all ad agencies, since the product it promoted never had to be delivered, so the high professional enjoys the freedom of producing a good that people care so little about as to ignore its possible deficiencies. (The Church provides a useful model for high professionals in other ways. When a faithful was disillusioned or distressed at his chances for salvation, the Church could express its concern by offering him more services and prayers, for which the skeptical would pay. Likewise, to those disillusioned with the progress of government programs, the high professionals can conscientiously suggest bigger budgets and larger staffs.)

Think tanks, research centers, urban planning institutes, foundations, and presidential commissions are among the more recent advances in high professionalism. This group is the largest growing as it expands to take in each year's new college graduates, and as more and more human transactions are carried out by people who are structurally independent from the fickle wishes of their constituents. One illustration of the growth is the number of books now printed for which there is no commercial market.

Middle professionals are those who produce goods and services that are desired by the public, and which must be purchased regardless of price. This group includes doctors, lawyers, and insurance agents.

While he does not enjoy the freedom from quality of the higher order, the middle professional nonetheless ensures the continuing excellence of his product by charging exorbitant prices. He believes, in fact, that there is a direct correlation between how much he charges and how well he works, and he has been working extremely well during the last decade.

Almost to a group, the middle professions have fixed prices, and believe the offering of a lower fee to be not only ungentlemenly and dangerous, but also immoral. Any lawyer, for instance, who suggestes that he wants to charge less is accused of being in the business for the money. He is threatening the high fees that guarantee legal competence.

In their continuing fight to insure this competence, some bar associations attempted to ban the book *How to Avoid Probate* on the grounds that it told people how to get around estate lawyers and therefore was an unauthorized practice of law. Fiscal shortcuts, like legal price wars, are the enemies of the professional canons.

As high fees protect the lawyer's client from huckster lawyers, so in the psychiatrist's office they are a therapeutic tool. The swindling of the mentally disturbed is calculated to guarantee their complete concentration throughout the session.

Up From Grit

It is difficult to decide whether it is better to be a high professional or a middle professional. While the latter, in general, make more money, they usually have to do at least some work to get it. An intelligent career choice between these two groups would depend on the relative strength of one's greed and laziness.

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The lower professionals are those who do not possess the indispensibility or grandeur of tradition. Their professions are those that are in constant danger of being called jobs. Their labor is still perilously close to fingernail grit, as lower professionals frantically scramble to achieve the status that will allow them to raise prices. Generally, they seek legitimacy through licensing by state legislatures. According to Jethro Liberman in *Tyranny of the Experts*, "at least one state and usually many more could claim the licensing of the following professions: abstracters, boiler inspectors, private detectives, egg graders, electricians, electrologists, elevator inspectors, guide-dog trainers, hoisting engineers, homeopaths, horseshoers, librarians, manicurists, masseurs, mechano-therapists, milk certifiers, mine inspectors, motor vehicle dealers and salesmen, motion picture operators, naturopaths, oculists, pest controllers, physical therapists, drugless physicians, plumbers, psychologists, certified shorthand reporters, sanitarians, social workers, watchmakers, well drillers, and yacht and ship brokers and salesmen."

The difference between the lower and middle professions is mostly a matter of time and pretense. It took some years for the public to forget that the medical doctor was first a barber, and it will doubtless take the same number of years before they forget that the hair stylist was also once a barber. The blurring of the origins is usually accompanied by some Hammurabi, a heroic figure from whom a code of ethics can be derived, by the elimination of competition, and by an elaborate set of rituals and mysteries that the public is told it could never understand but must pay for.

Such are the advantages of professionalism which provide the growing margin of profit. In general, it can be assumed that high professionals and middle professionals screw low professionals more than vice versa, since their loftier traditions mean loftier tithes. But low professions move up and others take their place as more and more professions are created to take the place of jobs, which are dwindling.

The Head of the Screw

While screwing is a relative matter for professionals, it is an absolute one for the non-supervisory wage-earner, the head of the median income family, the real average American at the intersection of all the scales. At the same time, his country has vaulted the trillion dollar GNP, the wage-earner is not any better off than he was in 1960.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics monitors the weekly wages of non-supervisory earners, who comprise about 74 per cent of the labor force. They find that the average worker who took home $70.77 a week in 1959 is getting $77.28 of buying power today after federal taxes. This seven-dollar-a-week raise was received in the first five years of the decade, because between 1965 and the present, the take-home pay of the worker has declined from $78.53 to $77.28.

The seven-dollar-a-week increase, spread over a decade of work, was hardly enough to stand up to the growth of state and local taxes, which support the decentralization of high professionals. It was certainly not enough to absorb all the shoddy products and the phony carrying charges that now come with them.

The median income person is screwed by the experts in multiple ways. He must pay the experts for direct services and must pay money to the government which then hires experts. What he gets out of all this is uncertain, but, he does not have the power to decide between the professionals or the money.

Part of the reason that the plight of the working class has been submerged in the decade of affluence is that those who wrote about him were professionals in their own right. Those who were sent to figure out what was

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wrong with him were sociologists and journalists convinced from their own experience that the middle class was well off. Therefore, they found the problems not in the hard hat's pocketbook but in his head. They found his trouble to be an exaggerated love for materialism. The analysts had apparently conquered this love themselves by making more money than hard hats, but they didn't prescribe this remedy to them.

Climbing the Ladder

All the groups, from high professionals down through job holders, continue to scramble for relative advantage up the middle-class gulch. Each overpriced service from the top inspires wiggling from below as the lower orders concoct new postures and new swindles so as not to lose ground.

The dust from this struggle clouds the view toward the top of the gulch, where the truly wealthy sit and enjoy the show. They have to squint more and more as the distance between them and the middle-class supplicants also increase, as they are pushed a mile higher for each inch added to the lowest economic rung. The truly wealthy on that Nirvana pinnacle are those who have enough money to screw without being screwed.

The average American has no inkling of the increasing distance between him and the screwers above. The great institutions tell him that he is owning a greater and greater share of America. Prudential's new ad series, for instance, shows the run-of-the-mill life insurance policyholder, you or me, driving onto the million-acre Prudential ranch for our Western vacation. Since we are the real owners, like the man in the ad, we can order the cowboys around, ride the horses, and scare the cows.

Prudential nominally manages the ranch for us while we are home working to pay off the premiums. Likewise, they conscientiously take care of our other holdings—factories and newspaper plants—which are purchased for us with the money left over after this year's lives are paid off.

If we are average Americans, we probably own more than just a piece of Prudential's rock. We are also told that by buying low-yield Series E bonds we are buying a share in America, that by investing in the Stock Exchange we acquire title to all of free enterprise. Insurance policies give us chicken chains, textile mills, and book companies, while our taxes make us instant investors in railroads and aircraft companies.

The effects of these changes are not as drastic as they were in Russia, where the peasants took control all at once rather than in this non-violent, relaxed way that the American worker is acquiring his empire. But there are signs. Where the average man once possessed things individually and separately, he now buys on credit. Consumer debt, excluding mortgages, rose from $60 billion in 1962 to over $127 billion in 1971. Included in this was the debt left by the 300-million plastic credit cards, on which $14 billion was owing as of June, 1970. Where bankruptcies were once a matter of small businesses, consumer washouts now comprise over 85 per cent of the 200,000 personal bankruptcies a year in America.

A large proportion of what the average man calls his possessions are therefore no longer really his until they are paid off, if they ever are. But, while the screwing of the average man makes it increasingly difficult for him to acquire individual things, it provides him the priceless luxury of owning everything.

The average man, to hear the talk, is beginning to own America itself. He is still behind the average Russian peasant, who can scrutinize his lands and horses by flashing the Communist Manifesto at any neighborhood collective farm. While the Russian peasant has been the real owner of his country for a long time, the American common man is definitely catching up.■

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'Not When They Did Him Like That'

by Ron Porambo

Springfield Avenue, which begins peaceably in the suburb of Springfield and runs through the white retreats of Short Hills, Milburn, and Maplewood, ends seven miles later in a frustrated rage.

Side streets lined with parked cars, garbage-strewn gutters, and three-story wooden firetraps that seem to lean in a stiff breeze have Springfield Avenue for a life-giving artery. Heavy-set mothers plod along with packages of wilted vegetables and meats of the lowest quality and the highest price. They shop one day at a time here, where freezers are a status symbol. The rats, roaches, and cats are often the first to eat and always the last.

These extra mouths come free. Everything else has a price, whether you want it or not. Many tenants pay $30 a month extra for junk furniture that landlords refuse to remove. They live with gaping holes, cracks, and peeling paint. The peeling holes provide refuge to rats that scar children; the paint provides lead poisoning which kills them. The plumbing creaks, groans, and leaks. Fuses blow continually because of bad wiring. Naked light bulbs dangle from walls and ceilings on extension cords rather than electrical outlets, and every month people are burned and die in fires caused by overloaded circuits. Here women cook on coal and wood-burning iron stoves, relics of a past age, and families eat with a can of No-Roach within reach. Where insects and rodents no longer flee the light, the battle against vermin goes on 24 hours a day. With garbage facilities inadequate or nonexistent, piles of debris accumulate in basements, hallways, and backyards. Slum landlords give their tenants the choice of chipping in to clean the building themselves, or moving out. Health

Ron Porambo is a reporter who lives in Elizabeth, New Jersey. This article is adapted from his book No Cause for Indictment *to be published this fall by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.*

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inspectors peer, make notes, and then disappear, never to be heard from again. A few of the newer landlords offer them bribes, but the established ones know that it isn't necessary.

What was an avenue of transportation ends as a prison winding down into Newark's hardcore ghetto, "the Strip," with a string of bars, liquor stores, and barbecue shops with greasy windows. It perverts, it intimidates, and it finally suffocates those who come in contact with it in a sea of movement, marijuana, heroin, and liquor. Pimps and prostitutes, thieves and junkies mix together with the people who work to live. They are all trapped in a culture of poverty—a combustion chamber sustained by the power structure.

The Newark *Star-Ledger* was the first to announce the passing of Richard Owens:

Two Newark patrolmen shot and killed a 35-year-old man last night after the man allegedly resisted arrest.

The dead man was identified as Richard J. Owens Jr. of 62 Cyprus St., Newark.

Patrolmen Lancelot Owens (no relation) and Alfred Harris said they shot the man when he leaped from his auto and ignored their orders to put up his hands. They said Owens had gone into his glove compartment moments before and emerged from the auto with his hand held behind his back, as though concealing a weapon.

Police gave this account of the incident:

Margaret Winn, 29, of 290 Schley Street, reportedly was beaten unconscious by Owens in her apartment. When she came to, she rushed to a nearby phone booth without shoes or coat, and telephoned police.

Patrolmen Owens and Harris met her at the phone booth. As the three approached her address in the patrol car, Miss Winn identified Owens, in his car, as the man who had beaten her.

Owens attempted to drive off but was blocked by the radio car. As the

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patrolmen approached his car, intending to arrest him for atrocious assault and battery, Owens rolled up the window. One of the patrolmen kicked in the window and ordered him to get out. Owens jumped to the passenger side of the seat and reached into his glove compartment. He leaped out of the car with one hand held behind him.

The patrolmen ordered him to stop and put his hands up. When he kept coming, Patrolman Owens opened fire. When that failed to stop him, Harris fired. Then a second shot from Owens brought him down.

Owens was pronounced dead at the scene with a wound in his chest and one in his lower abdomen.

Miss Winn was treated for multiple contusions and a head injury and was admitted to Martland Hospital for X-rays and observation.

Richard Owens had come to Newark about six years before from Fort Deposit, Maryland. He soon met Mrs. Margaret Winn. The 23-year-old woman had three children and was separated from her husband. She and Owens became lovers. Owens was a handsome, sometimes charming man who also had an explosive temper. He stood six feet, three inches, weighed 240 pounds, and loved women and eating, in that order.

After meeting Margaret Winn, the affairs of Richard Owens are a puzzle that defies assemblage, but the key piece, Mrs. Winn, was always on hand. She was the first and last woman in his life. In between Owens' frequent visits to the Winn apartment on Schley Street, he managed to marry twice, once illegally, and to stay with each woman only a matter of weeks.

"He married two women and he never really left me," she recalled. "Richard was really something. He was a big-hearted person and women were always chasing after him. I think he was lonely most of the time. He just couldn't say no. Richard never could get himself together. I kept on waiting, but he never could."

For five years, Owens either lived with Margaret Winn or came and went as he pleased. Only once did he lose his key to the apartment.

"It happened a few months before he died," she said. "When I found out that Richard had gotten married, I knew we didn't have any future together. I told Richard that he couldn't come anymore and he had to give me the key. He said I couldn't order him out of the apartment and I called the police just to show him. When the police came, Richard made a phone call to his lawyer, Solondz, and Solondz told him he had to leave the apartment. If the police hadn't let him make the call there would have been trouble. Richard was like that. When he knew he was wrong and you treated him right, he cooperated. There was no argument with the police that time. He gave me the key and left quietly. A while later, I gave it back to him."

Months later Mrs. Winn received official notice from a Newark lawyer naming her "the other woman" in a divorce action brought by Owens' second wife. They had married in June, 1970, at Sumter, South Carolina, where he wasn't known, and had returned to Newark. For Margaret Winn, it was the last straw. She told Owens they were through. Ironically, Mrs. Winn couldn't, in this instance, be legitimately named in a divorce action because Owens was not legally married to the woman in question. He had never even told Margaret Winn of his first marriage.

The Bread Knife and Screwdriver

At approximately seven o'clock on the night of November 23, Richard Owens appeared at the apartment to find company sitting in the living room, another man whom Mrs. Winn had just started seeing. She had never gone this far before. For Owens it was an emotional crisis.

"Richard didn't become angry at first," Margaret Winn remembered. "He asked my friend to leave as nice

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as could be, and he left. Then he grabbed me by the neck and choked me. I fainted. When I came to, he hit me, but Richard couldn't help himself. Then he pulled me outside to his car. I think he was going to crash it into a tree and kill both of us. He said something like he didn't want to go on. I broke away and ran to the liquor store around the corner. The man inside the store phoned the police for me. They didn't come and he phoned again. All I wanted was to go to the hospital. I never wanted them to arrest Richard. When the police car came I asked them to stop by the apartment to make sure my kids were all right. Richard had waited for me to come back and was just getting into his car to leave."

"They told Richard to come out of the car but he rolled up the windows and locked the doors. He wouldn't come out. If they had let him alone and talked to him, he would have come out, but not when they did him like that. I think if the younger cop hadn't kicked in the window, the tall one, Harris, would have shot right through the glass. Richard jumped into the back seat like he was afraid they were going to shoot into the car. He finally got out of the car on the curb side. He never went to the glove compartment like the police said, and he didn't have anything in his hands. He was moving his arms back and forth to stop them from putting the handcuffs on. Richard was near the wall there and Harris just got angry and shot him. I saw Richard grab his chest first, and Harris shot him again when he was going down, like bang, bang, bang, real fast. It was an emotional thing. They were angry at Richard like men get angry because he wouldn't do what they were telling him. They didn't have to shoot him. They were just angry and they forgot they were policemen."

The wounded man was handcuffed and lay on the cold cement for about 25 minutes before an ambulance came. Instead of being brought to nearby Beth Israel Medical Center, Owens was transported to City Hospital. He died there of "massive hemorrhage" at nine p.m., approximately an hour and 40 minutes after the shooting. Medical personnel had worked to save his life for 55 minutes. Their efforts would have commenced sooner except for a police regulation which forbade carrying wounded civilians in patrol cars.

Homicide detectives visited Mrs. Winn at City Hospital and followed the usual ritual connected with police shootings. "They wanted me to say that there was something in Richard's hands. He didn't have anything in his hands."

Mrs. Winn also related that one of the police who had arrived after the shooting walked through her apartment and disappeared into the kitchen. He remained there a few seconds and then left the apartment without a word of explanation. Some time after, Mrs. Winn missed a bread knife and still has been unable to find it. She may never see that particular policeman again, but, in the event of a civil trial on the Owens shooting, she might see the knife again.

Other police at the Fifth Precinct told Owens' sister that he had been shot when he came at the two officers with a screwdriver.

Treatment of the dead man's property was also routine. Owens had about $170 in his pocket when shot. Police verified that the fatally wounded man had "a bundle of bills." By the time Owens' corpse left City Hospital his money had been returned to the family, a total of 92 cents.

The Funeral

Finding a casket large enough to hold the bulk of Richard Owens' corpse had been a problem, and the one the family members knelt beside at Whigham's Funeral Home was too small. The gray felt gloves on the deceased's huge hands were also too small. Owens' mother and father had come from Maryland for the viewing and three of his brothers and two

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sisters, only one of whom lived in Newark, were also there. The body would be taken home, and the entire family, two more brothers and three sisters, would be at the funeral at Fort Deposit. A guest book at the far end of the carpeted viewing room was filled with the names of friends and well-wishers who had met Richard Owens during his five years in Newark.

Richard Owens' brothers stood uneasily in front of the casket while Margaret Winn, the first and last woman in his life, lay uneasily in a ward bed on the eighth floor at City Hospital. Her eyes were almost swollen shut and her face was puffed.

"I never wanted it to be like this, I never wanted them to hurt Richard," she murmured, starting to cry. "Once the cop kicked in that window, Richard wouldn't listen to anything. If you wanted Richard to do something, you could never do him like that. You couldn't make him do anything when he was mad. I'm not going to the funeral home. . . . I couldn't stand to see him, I just couldn't stand to see him like that."

"What if one of those cops came here?" a sister said at the funeral home.

"That would be one of the last things he'd ever do," a brother said angrily.

"A man getting killed is a serious thing," Officer Harris said, "I can't talk about it. The police department has regulations about that. Let me have your phone number, and if I can talk, I'll call you."

"They worked on him quite a bit when we got to the hospital," Officer Owens related inside my car. "They had a hard time finding a vein to pick up his heartbeat. They cut him on the arm and they cut him on the side. I stood there watching. They had to open that cat up, man. They gave him an electric shock that made him jump on the table. Nothing. That cardiograph machine was going on the heartbeat. It got slower and slower. . . . There he goes. . . . That was the ballgame. I was gonna go over to the funeral home. That would have taken balls, man, big balls."

Portuguese Olives

Kenneth Gibson, the new black mayor, could not prevent Newark's people from maiming and killing one another in their frustration. Neither could he save them from miserable suffering and death at City Hospital. But blacks had habitually been the victims of shooting at the hands of the Newark Police Department and injustice in the courts, and about these the new mayor *was expected* to do something. When asked during the campaign if he would establish a civilian review board if elected, Gibson declared, "I will be my own review board." The black mayor had promised to charge with murder any police officer who killed illegally.

Gibson and Police Director Redden naturally took note of Richard Owens' death in the newspapers. Attorney Morton Stavis, who had been retained by one of Owens' sisters to look into the shooting, sent them a reminder:

> The enclosed is a copy of a press report from yesterday's Newark *News* which tells of the shooting to death of Mr. Richard Owens by two Newark patrolmen.
>
> A very preliminary investigation of the facts of the current situation indicates grave doubt as to the occurrence of the story as told by the police, and regardless of their story, there is most serious question as to whether any reasonable exercise of police practices required that Mr. Owens be killed.
>
> I submit that the only way to deal with a matter of this sort in which a citizen of Newark is killed or seriously injured by a police officer is to have an automatic investigation, independent of the police department, and, especially where there is a killing, the officers should be suspended at least from duties in relationship to the public pending such investigation.
>
> I am not suggesting that the police officers be pre-judged, but I do believe that the approach that I have proposed is appropriate in the interests of community confidence in the police force.

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As it turned out, Stavis seemed to be the only individual in Newark who was concerned about Owens' death and what it meant to the city's non-whites.

At the time of the shooting, Mayor Gibson was involved in a struggle with the state legislature for funds to bail the city out of its hole. He was doubtlessly aware that adverse publicity from another shooting death would not do the city any good. Gibson did nothing about the killing.

For Police Director Redden, it would have been a matter of disciplining black officers while his predecessors had failed to take action against white police who had been involved in questionable homicides. Redden, despite his integrity and the concern he had shown over the needless homicides during the riot, was silent. His staunch adherence to rules and regulations would, in this instance, be put aside. After past occurrences it had at least been announced to the press that the policemen involved had been suspended. The sole purpose of this tactic was to appease the black community. Actually, the officers were merely given desk jobs and taken off the street. In this latest shooting, however, Officers Owens and Harris were not only not suspended but continued with their normal patrol duties.

Newark's three black councilmen, Gibson's running mates on the "Community Choice" ticket, may or may not have forgotten that community, but they certainly forgot Richard Owens. Indeed, all three men were totally uninterested and only vaguely aware that there had even been another shooting.

Meanwhile, black playwright LeRoi Jones, who represented considerable political power in Newark, was busily absorbed in the new world of black nationalism. At the time of Owens' death, Jones was organizing a black boycott of products imported from Portugal in retaliation for the attack of Portuguese mercenaries on Guinea. Newark might disintegrate in crime and perversion, but its black residents would make LeRoi happier by using fewer Portuguese olives. Jones didn't approach Gibson and demand that the black mayor make good on his campaign promises for protection for non-whites. He did, however, manage to get one of Gibson's aides to appear at the press conference called to announce the playwright's boycott—a position Gibson quickly retreated from when angry members of the Portuguese community showed up at City Hall.

The Clinton Hill neighborhood where Tom Hayden and his group had hoped to spark a social revolution had not changed much in seven years. Buildings that had been corroded with age were now withered and decaying. Manv tenements were boarded up ghost houses and, while authorities played at their urban renewal game, restless teenagers played by their own rules and set fire to them. K's Restaurant, where Hayden and I had met in the winter of 1968, had been smashed in the disturbance following Martin Luther King's murder and had never reopened. Other stores were wiped out in the eruption that followed, some for the second time since the 1967 riot. Over at Avon and Badger, where Hayden's people had marched for a traffic light, urban renewal bulldozers had leveled the entire block. Liquor was still a big seller in the neighborhood. The corner store, Mack Liquors, naturally was the last building scheduled to be torn down. There was still no traffic light at the intersection.

The Runners

A year after Gibson's election and four years after a riot found the city more immersed in a jungle atmosphere than ever before. Heroin was everywhere, destroying young minds and bodies in ever-increasing numbers. Blacks cut, shot, and mugged one

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another with abandon. Even Mayor Gibson's father became a victim when he was attacked by a gang of hoodlums as he walked near Clinton Avenue. The elder Gibson was badly beaten and ended up at City Hospital. The 60-year-old man had fought back with a pen knife, and two of his attackers joined him there. Hoodlums and junkies also slaughtered more white merchants and black residents. A black policeman was shot to death by his girlfriend and another black officer was shot to death in a barroom argument. Police Director Redden replied to disgruntled black residents in the South Ward in his own forthright manner: "During the previous administrations, year after year, we all watched as this city tumbled down to the point where it is now. And if you think that I or any member of this administration is going to turn this town right around, you've got another think coming."

Neither was anyone going to disturb the amicable relationship between the Newark Police Department and the Essex County Prosecutor's office. Exposure of the First Precinct's burglary ring led to a few newspaper headlines and little else. None of the thieves were prosecuted and they remained police officers in good standing. While victims of Newark's riot had little but bitter memories to cling to, the policemen even managed to hang onto most of the goods they had stolen.

As Tony Imperiale had stated on numerous occasions, "There is a dual system—one set of rules for the blacks, another for us."

What did Imperiale see for the future? Was he expecting another riot? Yes, indeed, but with modifications. This time the riots would be county-wide, with blacks moving into the suburbs attacking utilities, water supplies, and covering the highways with sniper fire. Tony even had their route mapped out: "They can't come through the North Ward, of course, so they'll push out through Vailsburg (in the West Ward) and work their way into the Oranges and other suburbs."

The niggers were not only taking over Newark, now they wanted to take over the suburbs, too.

After the killing of Richard Owens, the police evidently decided that Gibson and Redden would be no different from their predecessors and they reassumed their role as executioners. Seven more blacks were shot to death for suspected or petty crimes during Gibson's first year in office, five of them as they ran. One was a 16-year-old boy running from a stolen auto. Another was a 52-year-old man who became involved in a barroom scuffle with an off-duty black detective. He arrived at City Hospital in critical condition with a bullet hole in his back and died shortly afterward.

A third victim was an 18-year-old youth suspected of assaulting a black woman with a gun, according to police. "Patrolmen Derek Akridge, Martin Goldman, and Lancelot Owens chased him through a vacant lot and then over a fence at 124 Hillside Avenue," the Newark *Evening News* reported. "A patrolman cornered the youth, who pulled a knife and attempted to attack the police officer. The patrolman, and two others who saw the attack, fired their revolvers and the suspect fell." The dead boy, Charles Paul, had no gun. Neither did he attack anyone with a knife. Nor had the police "cornered" him. Eyewitnesses who saw the shooting said that Paul's crime was running. The Essex County Medical Examiner's office seemed to concur. It said that the youth's life ended when a .38-caliber slug entered his brain after piercing the back of his skull.

In May, Steve Negler of the New Jersey ACLU made public a letter to Mayor Gibson charging that police brutality was still very much a part of Newark and was being treated by the police with a "business as usual" attitude since the black mayor's election, Negler's sincerity was evident in that the letter had been sent the month before and its contents were made public only when ignored by the

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mayor's office. "Until now we have maintained a public silence in the face of mounting evidence that police brutality in the city of Newark has in no respect diminished in the past nine months," he wrote.

Police Director Redden could not be reached for comment. Mayor Gibson was vacationing in Puerto Rico. Newark's two newspapers again proved themselves worthy. The *Star-Ledger*, as usual, editorially ignored the ACLU charge. An editorial in the *Evening News* responded that Negler's letter had "the clear markings of an over-reach." A week later, a 17-year-old Puerto Rican suspected of stealing a car was shot to death by a Newark police officer. He was a runner. Police said the dead youth had a knife which they had mistaken for a gun in the darkness.

The New Team

Dangers have also continued for Newark's non-white children. One seven-year-old boy was crushed by an elevator in a housing project and critically injured. Two days later, a nine-year-old plunged to his death down an elevator shaft at another high rise jungle. A 37-year-old black mother lost one young son at City Hospital in November, 1970. Early in February, she buried the remaining three-year-old son. Cause of death in both instances was lead poisoning from paint eaten from the walls of her apartment. The woman had lost her two children. It naturally followed that she also lost her aid to dependent children allotment. Her home was next. Her black landlord, who happened to be president of the Newark Model Cities Community Council, began eviction proceedings when she was no longer able to pay the rent.

Governor Cahill and Newark's businessmen had also changed little in their outlook on the city's non-white residents. They had more important things to think about than black children sentenced to death or wasted lives. While the bitterness of the school confrontation continued to polarize the city, and the schools themselves creaked with age, the governor—with strong support from Newark's business community—pushed ahead with plans to build a $200-million, gigantic sports complex in the Hackensack Meadows to lure the Yankees and Giants out of New York City. There were, in addition, other signs of progress. Governor Cahill cut the state welfare budget by $15 million, and, four years after the riot, the New Jersey College of Medicine and Dentistry finally got around to picking up the deed for the barren Central Ward land where the new medical college was supposed to be constructed. Priorities had been established once again: the well-to-do would be able to eat roast beef while watching professional sports; Newark's children were left to eat paint and watch desperate footraces between muggers and their prey.

With a black mayor, Newark's agony was complete. Unlike his cunning predecessor, Gibson offered an honest directness and little backroom savvy. Far from a political animal, the new mayor had no sooner taken office than he announced that he would work for his city for four years and then retire from the political scene. No one felt the disillusionment more than Gibson himself as he faced the reality of just how powerless the mayor of a black city could be.

He hoped to improve the disgusting living conditions and the federal government looked towards Mars. He wanted to improve the sad school system and the state government was more interested in a sports stadium. He would at least save children from genocide but all he could do was lament their deaths. He attempted to reorganize the municipal government and his own City Council fought him at every turn. He wanted to impose an income tax for those who made their money in Newark and the big business leeches and petty state legislators wouldn't hear of it. It was Gibson's hope to act in the

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interests of the people who had elected him and instead he found himself captive of the business and real-estate interests that controlled Newark.

Gibson had specifically promised to prevent the execution of non-white residents by the police and this was his most total, abysmal failure. With the Italians in power there had been corruption, but voices had been raised against the slaughter of blacks. Civil rights activists had now all but vanished from the scene. Black politicians were as disinterested as their worthless white counterparts. Now there was silence as non-whites continued to be shot down like animals.

Black was beautiful in the small cultural sphere of LeRoi Jones, but Baraka's influence was turned into a battle over control of the federal green stuff. A coalition of disgruntled blacks—whom Jones called neo-colonialists—formed in an unsuccessful attempt to gain control of the federal antipoverty agency from Jones' supporters. A year after Gibson's election, there were old players in a new game, as well as new players in the old game. House niggers had been replaced by slick Negro entrepreneurs, hustling, fast-time Charlies playing the Model Cities game, show-window Negroes, and nigger landlords. The enemy now came in all colors for the residents of black Newark.

"I Need That Gun"

Graham's Restaurant sits dejectedly on the corner of South 10th Street and Springfield Avenue, just on the edge of what was the riot six months before. There are eight stools in front of a clean formica counter, and the top halves of the walls are painted gray. The two front windows, broken by bullets of the state police, have been replaced.

William Graham, a 53-year-old black man, has owned restaurants in Newark for more than 18 years. Before the riot he was held up only once. Since then his restaurant has been visited by gunmen six times, the last two in quick succession. A 30-year-old gunman, Billy Magwood, walked into the restaurant on a cold December night with a .38-caliber revolver and walked out minutes later with $100. Less than 24 hours later he was back, ordering a chicken sandwich from the girl behind the counter and then walking for the kitchen door, some 30 feet away, where he knew the safe was. Graham, lying on a sofa, was in the kitchen with his wife.

"My wife saw him coming through the glass window in the door," Graham recalled. "She recognized him as the one who had robbed her the night before when I wasn't around. He was pulling out on the door and she was pulling in, trying to keep him out. It must have been close to 2:30 in the morning. I was lying down off to the side of the kitchen and I don't think he even saw me. He must have put his gun into his jacket when he was pulling on the door. When he came in I was standing about four feet away with my own .38. My first shot hit him around the chest, and he ran for the outside door. He turned around there and tried to shoot, and my second shot hit him in the face. It spun him around outside on the sidewalk and he still went about 10 feet further before he dropped and just laid there. I didn't go to look at the body, I'm an expert shot. I just told my wife to call for the police.

"I feel sorry for that person, decidedly so," Graham went on. "At the same time I am sorry he caused blood to be on my hands. One thing, the police won't give me back my gun. Of course, I had a permit, but they still won't give it back. First they told me they needed it for ballistics, then I went downtown and a detective told me I'd never get it back. I need that gun, I've been held up six times since the riot. Things have changed, there's something just been backfiring in people.

"I need that gun," he repeated. "It was right under my pillow, right there on the sofa."■

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Memo of the Month

OFFICE OF ECONOMIC
OPPORTUNITY

Date: August 20, 1971
Reply to Attn. of: OPD/D

Subject: Reallocation of Furniture

To: Jim Duffy

It has come to my attention that Susan Hager of the Education and Youth Branch will be leaving OPD in early September, thus vacating her office, M-612. With the new freeze on Federal employment, I doubt she will be replaced in the near future. As a result, the furniture now occupying M-612 should be reallocated. Even if Miss Hager is replaced, there are several items with which a GS-9 is not usually equipped already in the office, namely a bookcase and a conference table.

As a result, I am requesting a reallocation of the bookcase to room M-821-I and the conference table to room M-821-A. I would suggest we move on this one now since I have observed that often furniture from offices to be vacated is "absorbed" into other non-vacated rooms.

Thanks for your cooperation.

James R. Tanck
Special Assistant to the Director
Office of Program Development

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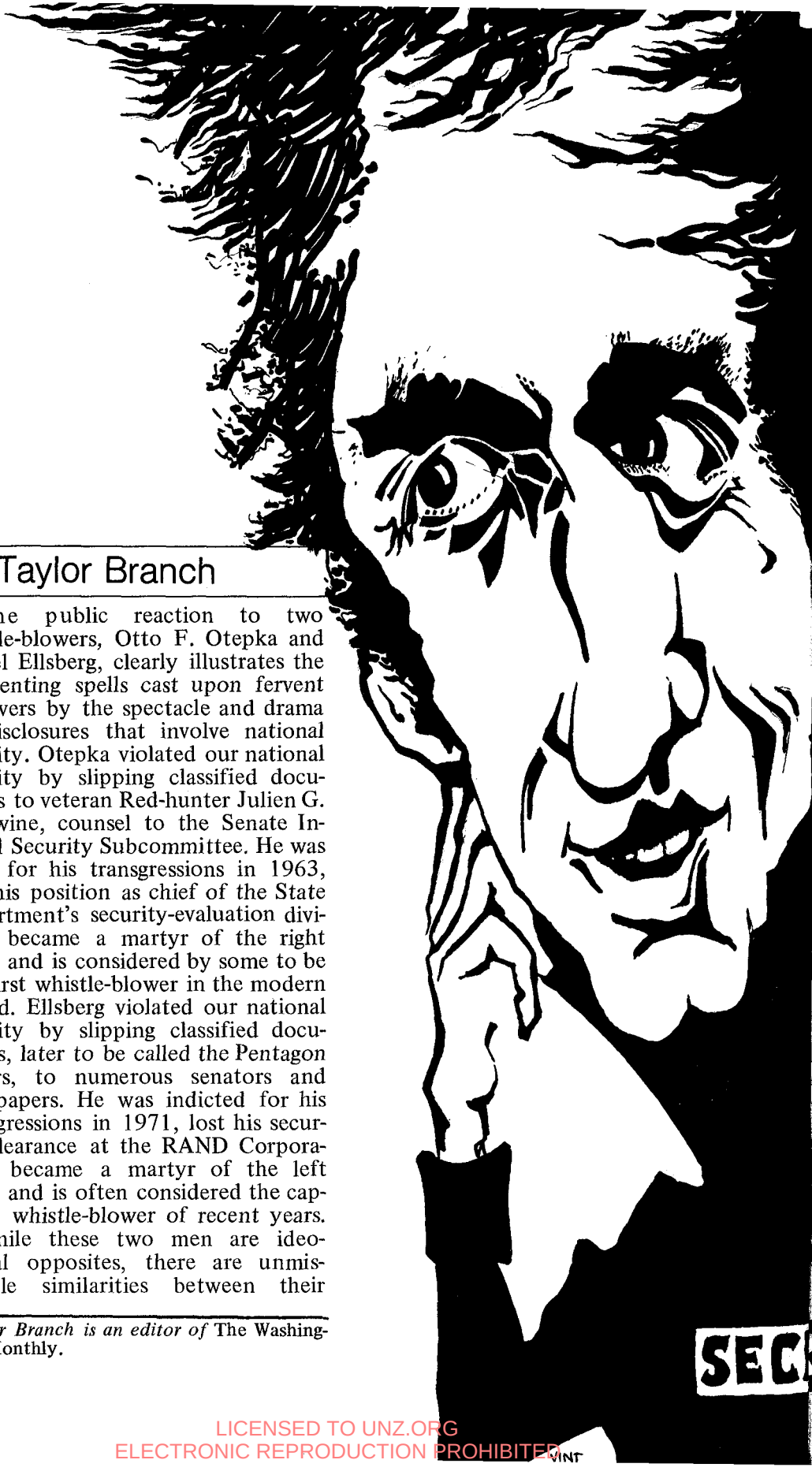

by Taylor Branch

The public reaction to two whistle-blowers, Otto F. Otepka and Daniel Ellsberg, clearly illustrates the disorienting spells cast upon fervent observers by the spectacle and drama of disclosures that involve national security. Otepka violated our national security by slipping classified documents to veteran Red-hunter Julien G. Sourwine, counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. He was fired for his transgressions in 1963, lost his position as chief of the State Department's security-evaluation division, became a martyr of the right wing, and is considered by some to be the first whistle-blower in the modern period. Ellsberg violated our national security by slipping classified documents, later to be called the Pentagon Papers, to numerous senators and newspapers. He was indicted for his transgressions in 1971, lost his security clearance at the RAND Corporation, became a martyr of the left wing, and is often considered the capstone whistle-blower of recent years.

While these two men are ideological opposites, there are unmistakable similarities between their

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The Odd Couple: Ellsberg and Otepka

respective exploits, viewed on a suitably high plane of reflection after all the human juices and interesting particulars have been drained away to leave the arid generalities in which lawyers earn their keep. Like colliding planets, Ellsberg and Otepka still operate by the same laws of motion in some ways, following their higher instincts regarding the public interest as they see it, exposing treachery in places of power regarding questions of life and death. These similarities suggest that anyone who wants to fight institutional rigor mortis by encouraging people to speak out from within government is obliged by honesty and consistency to take his Otepkas with his Ellsbergs, and vice versa—to take a man like Otepka, who thought his bosses were ruining the country by being too sweet to communists everywhere, with one like Ellsberg, who thought his former colleagues were ruining the country by killing numerous people and lying about the whole affair. Regardless of who is right on the lofty world-view questions, the comments on the two men by prestigious newspapers and politicians suggest a strange kinship that bears some examination.

Otepka had been in the govern-

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ment for 27 years and in the Office of Security for 10 years when he was fired on November 5, 1963, on charges of "conduct unbecoming an officer of the Department of State." President Kennedy, setting a precedent for dealing with criticism from the right, assuaged a Calley-like tide by announcing that "I will examine the matter myself when it comes time," but he was killed before the review process got underway. It seems that Otepka, described by *Reader's Digest* as a "tall, quiet, darkly handsome man," by *Newsweek* as "a sad-eyed, introverted man," and by *The New York Times* only as "stocky," (descriptions indicative of the impact of political position on the eye), had been running afoul of important people in the Kennedy Administration for some time.

In 1955, for example, he had refused to dispense with the formalities of the security clearance procedure for Walt W. Rostow, when Secretary of State Dulles wanted Rostow on State's Committee on Operations. Subjecting Rostow to a full-dress examination of his character was considered an affront to this dignity. When President Kennedy wanted Rostow on the team in 1961, Otepka again refused to waive security proceedings, which, some say, is why Rostow ended up in the White House while Otepka was at State, rather than going through the State security mill. (Apparently Otepka was a bit troubled by the internationalist leanings of Rostow's writings on economic development, hesitant to be taken in by possible ruses like Rostow's "non-Communist Manifesto," *The Stages of Economic Growth*. Also, as a professor, Rostow's commitment against communism was suspect a priori. Although subsequent events and the Pentagon Papers were to show that Otepka was dead wrong in his doubts about Rostow, some beneficiaries of hindsight have wished that he had possessed more clout in his efforts to keep Rostow out of the government.)

In addition to the Rostow rebuke, Otepka had nettled the new administration by locating and firing the State Department employee who had leaked a secret survey of U.S. prestige abroad to the Kennedy campaign forces in 1960. The survey, showing a dip in America's international esteem, was used with telling effect by John Kennedy in the campaign to show that the Republicans were blowing things in foreign policy, partly by following what seemed to be a deliberate path toward national weakness. Otepka had also been critical of the lax security procedures for the Cuba desk officers at the State Department, one of whom, William Wieland, was considered by the Republican Party almost single-handedly responsible for delivering Cuba into the enemy camp. Otepka testified before a Senate committee that he had dissented from the decision to clear Wieland without further study of his inner proclivities, and so much stir was created over Wieland that President Kennedy was forced to defend him publicly in a press conference.

Finally, Otepka had refused to waive security investigations for six men of decorum whom Secretary Rusk wanted in 1962 for the Advisory Committee on Management Improvement to the Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs. The six, which included Harding Bancroft, Sol Linowitz, and Andrew Cordier, were chosen to that august and rather useless body to study whether or not American employees of international organizations should be required to pass U. S. security investigations. The issue itself was one of some controversy, spurred on by a letter to *The New York Times* on July 30, 1962, that attacked the security regulations as a dangerous legacy of the McCarthy era. The letter came from Leonard Boudin, who is now the chief attorney for Daniel Ellsberg. In any case, Otepka refused to waive security clearances for men who were going to study the need for security clearances, and that kind of zeal to check out the private leanings

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of prestigious people had long since aggrieved the Kennedy Administration.

John F. Reilly, Assistant Secretary of State for Security, was so intent upon getting rid of his anachronistic subordinate, the John Wayne rough rider on the New Frontier, that he bugged Otepka's telephone and set up an elaborate system of surveillance to catch him in an act of shame that would stand up as evidence for doing him in. Reilly's sleuths scoured Otepka's "burn bag," a receptacle used to mark for instant destruction items like doodle pads and carbon paper and other parts of the afterbirth of state secrets that might leave telltale signs, and finally scored one day when they found classification stamps which Otepka had clipped from classified documents. Thus declassified informally, the documents were being sent by Otto over to old J. G. Sourwine at the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, where they were used to help surprise and embarrass Otto's bosses regarding how lightly they took the red menace right here at home. The burn bag also contained a used typewriter ribbon, an instant replay of which revealed that Otepka had worked up a primer of questions for Sourwine that he could use to catch State Department officials in factual errors regarding the communist question.

Otto's Highest Loyalty

When the State Department used the burn bag evidence to fire Otepka, the fireworks and orations began. *The Chicago Tribune* skipped over the classified document problem to define the issue as a test of the principle of patriotism: "There can be no doubt that this case reflects an intention by the Kennedy Administration to conduct a purge of patriots." The Charleston, South Carolina, *News & Courier* agreed: "To reprimand a U.S. citizen for doing his duty would be a shame and an outrage." *Reader's Digest* later published an article called "The Ordeal of Otto Otepka," subtitled, "Why have State Department employees been using tactics of a police state to oust a dedicated security officer whose only sin seems to be loyalty to his country?", which pretty well summed up the conservative presentation of the problem. The police state argument reflects the tactical guideline that it is easier to attack the process by which the opponent operates than the substance of what he says. However, it also bore some risk of the "corner problem," by which people paint themselves into a corner through the hasty use of principles whose future application might haunt them. In this case, the *Digest*'s forthright position against a police state was quite risky. It not only made it tougher to argue in subsequent tirades that the State Department was undisciplined and namby-pamby, but it also would require a redefinition of the issues when the wiretapping and surveillance of J. Edgar Hoover came to the fore. Most conservative journals ignored the classification question and the he-broke-a-rule point of view, except perhaps to note in passing that classification was nonsense in general and that Otepka's leakage of secret material did not hurt the national interest anyway, but rather struck another blow against the pinkos in the State Department.

Meanwhile, in the Senate, members surveyed the Otepka affair and concluded that the main issue at stake was, as is so often the case, the dignity of the U. S. Senate. Conservative Senator Williams of Delaware remarked that, "In this instance, all that Mr. Otepka was guilty of was cooperating with a congressional committee." Senator Dominick of Colorado thanked Senator Dodd for having "pointed out the very difficult position Senate committees would find themselves in if it continued to be held that the executive branch could prevent any of its employees from coming before Senate committees, either by threatening them with dismissal or by verbally preventing them

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from testifying under that threat." Dodd, a foreign policy buff, defined the question in terms of national survival: "If those forces bent on destroying Otepka and the no-nonsense security approach he represents are successful, who knows how many more Chinas or Cubas we may lose?" But Dodd, too, was anxious about the powers of himself and his colleagues, and he entered a long discourse with Senators Strom Thurmond and Frank Lausche on November 5, the day Otepka's dismissal was consummated, which Thurmond climaxed by declaring that the Kennedy Administration's action would "nullify our system of government by tending to destroy the constitutional system of checks and balances." There was no commander-in-chief talk on that day, no talk about how the President's powers were essential to survive in a hostile international environment. The conservatives were safe from the corner problem, however, because the war in Vietnam had not yet begun. The doves in the Senate would not really discover the checks and balances principle until about 1968, leaving the conservatives ample time to switch over to the commander-in-chief line without undue embarrassment.

"Orderly procedures are essential"

The liberals in the Senate were exceedingly mousy about Otepka as the supporters of the Kennedy Administration sought to ride out the storm in public silence. This does not necessarily mean that they were apathetic, for some Otepka supporters claim that there was great pressure to let the Otepka fervor die out like the groundswell for General MacArthur. Clark Mollenhoff, a straight-forward, very conservative reporter for *The Des Moines Register*, made a speech about the obstacles to coverage of the case:

> I realize the broad range of direct and indirect pressures brought to discourage a defense of Otepka, for I met most of them at some stage from my friends in the Kennedy Administration. One put it crudely: "What are you lining up with Otepka and all those far-right nuts for? Do you want to destroy yourself?"
>
> There were also the hints that I could be cut off from White House contacts and other high Administration contacts if I continued to push for the facts in the Otepka case.

Liberal newspapers made slightly more noise in the dispute than their compatriot senators, and their editorial writers swept aside all the chaff about higher loyalty and patriotism and the dignity of Congress to focus on the principles at stake, with a fixity that is born of discipline. *The Washington Post*, for example, zeroed in on the law and order question, following the rule that it is always best to attack on matters of procedure: "For all of Senator Dodd's sputtering, he must know that what Otto Otepka did was not only unlawful but unconscionable as well. Mr. Otepka certainly knew this himself—which is no doubt why he did it covertly instead of candidly. He gave classified information to someone not authorized to receive it." *The New York Times* took a similar line, with slightly greater emphasis on propriety: "The disturbing aspect of the case is that both Mr. Otepka and members of the Senate subcommittee have defended their actions on grounds of 'higher loyalty' . . . . Orderly procedures are essential if the vital division of powers between the legislative and executive branches is not to be undermined. The use of 'underground' methods to obtain classified documents from lower level officials is a dangerous departure from such orderly procedures."

The liberal press also used words like "controversial," "McCarthyism," "tattle," and "infidelity" as often as possible in connection with Otepka's name. This strategy, following from the rule that it is often useful to adopt your opponent's principles and turn them back on him in verbal counter-insurgency, amounted to McCarthyism turned on its head, as Marx did to Hegel, or guilt by association with McCarthy. Thus, when Otepka de-

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fended himself by citing the government employees' Code of Ethics (which charges employees to place loyalty to conscience, country, and the "highest moral principles" above "loyalty to persons, party or government department"), the *Washington Post* news story stated that "the last time that issue was raised with public prominence, it was raised by Senator McCarthy in sweeping form. . . . " A *New York Times* story by Neil Sheehan in 1969 continued this theme of the beat-them-at-their-own-game campaign: "The enthusiastic pursuit of 'subversive elements' in the government loosed by the late Senator Joseph McCarthy slowed to a desultory walk in later years, but Mr. Otepka. . . did not change."

"His trained jackal, Jack Anderson"

Otepka returned to the public light in 1969, when President Nixon made good on his campaign promise to review the case "with a view to seeing that justice is accorded this man who served his country so long and well." The Subversive Activities Control Board seemed like an appropriate resting spot for a seasoned personnel sniffer, who could spend the rest of his days perusing political groups for loyalty blemishes. Actually, the SACB was a secondary choice for Otepka, who really wanted to go back to the State Department but was frustrated in his desire by Secretary of State Rogers, who did not want him. Senator Dirksen, claiming Otepka as a constituent and an ideological brother, suggested the SACB spot and went to work with the other conservative senators to give the board and its $36,000-a-year members something to do. They knew that Otepka would be an additional burden in the annual battle with the liberals over the fact that the SACB members are so inert that they appear strikingly like welfare recipients, at ten times the poverty standard.

The task of selling Otepka himself was undertaken with the old principles of patriotism and higher loyalty. In the Senate, the four hoariest members of the Judiciary Committee —Eastland, McClellan, Dirksen, and Hruska—assembled for a confirmation hearing to pay homage to the SACB nominee. "You have been punished because you attempted to protect your country," said Chairman Eastland to Otto, and the four senators respectfully declined to ask the witness anything other than his name.

And Senator Dodd, now deceased, led the fight on the floor of the Senate and helped organize Otepka Day, on which patriots around the nation celebrated his resurrection. Every time Senator Dodd took the floor to wax eloquent about Otepka's higher mission against international communism, he represented the largest collection of loyalty contradictions ever assembled in one place—a veritable one-man intersection of passions on the morality of exposure. For since Dodd had first praised Otepka for exposing the State Department with pilfered documents and denounced the State Department for

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firing the higher patriotism of Otepka, Dodd himself had been exposed for pocketing campaign contributions and other financial misdealings. While Dodd praised the patriot who exposed corruption in the State Department, he fired the infidel who exposed corruption in himself—his administrative assistant of 12 years, James Boyd. Boyd's medium of exposure, the Drew Pearson/Jack Anderson column, decided to switch in the Otepka affair—exposing the exposer, Otepka, because of his leanings to the right. In this vortex of half-hero, it was not surprising that Dodd would resort to arguments tinged with the *ad hominem*, "The press campaign against Otto Otepka has been spearheaded by Drew Pearson, the lying character assassin and his trained jackal, Jack Anderson."

In the end, however, Dodd regained the lofty, joined by the honey tongue of Senator Dirksen—who read to the Senate a moving letter from Mrs. Otepka, describing the hardships the family had faced since Otto had been demoted in 1967, while his dismissal was still being appealed, to a $15,000-a-year job that was so "demeaning" that Otto protested by taking a leave without pay and forced her to go to work to support him. What is $36,000 for a patriot, asked Dirksen and Dodd of their fellow senators, and the two crusaders went to their graves knowing that the world would be better with Otepka on the SACB. Otepka, for his part, called the Senate confirmation "my vindication," and a well-deserved one to boot, because as he later wrote, "I have disagreed only with those who quarrel with the truth. I shall continue to disagree."

Nailing Down the Case

The vindication did not come easily, for during the period when Senate confirmation was pending, *The New York Times* practiced an enthusiastic brand of beat-them-at-their-own-gamism. Reporter Neil Sheehan was dispatched to check up on Otepka's acquaintances, and began his April 4, 1969, story as follows: "A fund with John Birch Society ties has paid about 80 per cent of the $26,500 in legal costs incurred by Otto F. Otepka in his four-year fight to win reinstatement as the State Department's chief security evaluator." The story went on to pin down Otepka's "ties" to the Birchers by declaring that "last summer he attended the four-day annual God, Family, and Country rally in Boston, organized by Birch Society leaders." Sheehan also tracked down James M. Stewart, chief fund-raiser of the American Defense Fund, which channeled money to Otepka's lawyers. Stewart looked and acted like a Bircher, although Sheehan wrote triumphantly that he "would neither affirm nor deny whether he was a member of the Birch Society," saying, like Pete Seeger, "I am not answering that question because it is irrelevant." Beyond such waffling on the affiliation question, Stewart further hanged himself with his reading material, because Sheehan found out, after a hard-nosed inquiry, that "he does subscribe to a number of Birch Society publications."

Having established that Otepka's legal defense was being solicited by a man who might as well have been a Bircher, if he were not in fact a bona fide one, and that Otepka himself was hanging around in right wing crowds, the editorial board of *The New York Times* concluded that Otto was ineligible for membership on the SACB. According to the April 8, 1969, editorial, "The disclosure that Otto Otepka received $22,000 from a fund with extreme right-wing associations should be enough to kill his nomination to the Subversive Activities Control Board. After this, senators of conscience cannot vote to confirm Mr. Otepka in a $36,000-a-year job, where his work, if any, will be to judge the loyalty of American citizens and organizations."

Rather than taking the political view that the whole SACB concept is

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unconstitutional and therefore should not be supported—or the resigned view that the SACB is a useless bit of welfare, doing nothing, but that it was a shame for the President to use his discretion to appoint, in the *Times*' view, a schmuck like Otto—the editorial rested its case on the assertion that Otto was too tainted to do the job right as a subversive-hunter, and that a neutral mainstreamer would be more efficient. The *Times* thus ventured onto the turf of subversive-hunting and declared Otepka ineligible by the very standards the SACB uses to ferret out dangerous organizations.

An average newspaper might have rested its case there, but fortunately the *Times* is not an average newspaper and therefore was possessed of a "wait a minute" person on the board—the long view of responsibility. Apparently, such a person noticed that the Otepka editorial might look like McCarthyism to some readers, and told his colleagues that such an impression, left uncorrected, would be detrimental to the *Times*' historical commitment against Joe McCarthy's methods. So the argument was sealed with the addition of the following mop-up paragraph:

> The far right doubtless will cry "guilt by association," the charge made long ago by civil libertarians against the likes of Mr. Otepka, but there is a crucial difference here. Mr. Otepka's link to Birchites is no youthful indiscretion of many years ago but an activity carried on as recently as last summer.

Thus, the editorial board took the precautionary measure of protecting its flank against charges of McCarthyism by recalling the best case against old Senator Joe—the telling point about the unfairness of using "youthful indiscretions" that the *Times* itself had once made—and beating it down. This done, the *Times* had at least as strong an indictment against Otepka as McCarthy would have had against his victims if he had not ruined it all by rummaging through their old college notebooks.

The fact that Otto's sins did not fall in the "youthful indiscretion" category probably did carry some weight with a liberal readership—with people who remembered going to the verbal barricades for Alger Hiss and others like him over whether their doings on the left were permanent blemishes of character or merely the wanderings of callow youth. Those people who (perhaps for tactical reasons) had said that what was really wrong with Joe McCarthy was his reliance on outdated evidence, his once-a-subversive-always-a-subversive line, would be relieved to learn that Otepka, unlike Hiss, was still at it. "As recently as last summer," concluded the *Times*, in an apparent reference to the God, Family, and Country rally that Sheehan had uncovered. (Some sources suggest that the freshness of Otto's blight could have been established also by the subscription dates on James Stewart's magazines.) Anyone who bought all of McCarthyism except for the Senator's attacks on people for what they did in the past would be sympathetic to disqualifying Otto from the SACB for associations that persisted well into his maturity.

"His peculiar infidelity"

After Sheehan wrote another story for the Sunday *Times* on April 20, emphasizing Otepka's right-wing associations and his likeness to a bureaucratic version of Joe McCarthy, Senator Strom Thurmond strode to Otto's battlements by declaring on the Senate floor that the *Times* had deliberately smeared Otepka. He charged that *Times* executive editor Harding Bancroft had commissioned the Sheehan investigation in order to get even with Otto for vexations caused back in 1962, when Bancroft was examined for loyalty before going on the Advisory Committee on Management Improvement to the Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, or ACMIASSIOA. The *Times* had no

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comment on this counter-smear, holding to its position that its interest in Otepka sprang from the logical force of the youthful indiscretion editorial.

Whatever the motivation behind the Sheehan articles, their spirit caught on in the Senate, culminating in Senator Stephen Young's speech against the Otepka nomination on June 24, minutes before the vote. Senator Young avowed that James Stewart, who raised money to give to Otepka's lawyer to use in Otekpa's defense, had, on June 16, 1969 "attended a fund-raising party at the home of Julius W. Butler. . . an admitted fund-raiser for the John Birch Society and active in several John Birch front organizations. . . . The guests at Mr. Butler's home last week included Robert Welch, founder and head of the John Birch Society, who spoke at length spewing forth the usual John Birch lunatic obsessions. Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, I am told, were in charge of the refreshments that were served at the meeting and were introduced to the crowd and received with applause."

All this failed, and the Senate confirmed Otepka by a vote of 61 to 28. *The Washington Post* emphasized the fidelity question in its editorial lament: "Otto Otepka's long and unfaithful service to the State Department certainly entitled him to some reward from those on Capitol Hill who were the beneficiaries of his peculiar form of infidelity." *The New York Times*, as is its custom, focused on the who-are-you question to bewail Otto as a "living symbol of some of the worst days of the McCarthy-McCarran era."

The Ellsberg Reverse

Two years after his investigation of Otepka, Neil Sheehan was ensconced in a New York hideaway as head of a *New York Times* writing team that prepared stories based on the top-secret Pentagon Papers—slipped to the *Times*, *The Washington Post*, and other parties by Daniel Ellsberg. Rather than investigating the left wing associations of Ellsberg (such demented pariahs as Noam Chomsky, SDS leaders, the staff of *The Harvard Crimson*, and the editors of *The Washington Monthly*), or noting the glazed-eyed, Martin Lutherish manner in which Ellsberg had been starting speeches by confessing himself as a war criminal, Sheehan stuck to the material at hand and exposed the deceptions perpetrated by Ellsberg's former bosses. It is possible that Sheehan's views on classified material had changed over the two years since 1969, as had his views on the war in Vietnam. As late as 1967 Sheehan had described himself as only half way along the path from war support to war opposition in a *Times* magazine article entitled "No Longer a Hawk, But Not Yet a Dove." By 1971, he had progressed far enough to write a piece in the *Times* speculating on the possible criminality of people behind him on the path, and this progress helped both Sheehan and Ellsberg decide that the classified document issue paled in significance compared with the overriding injustice of the war.

Of course, the decisions regarding publication of the Pentagon Papers were not made by Sheehan, but by the management of the *Times* and the other papers involved. By 1971, the editors of the *Times* had decided that the real issue involved in the exposure of classified documents was not orderly procedures, but the people's right to know as embodied in the freedom of the press. A June 15 editorial in the *Times* stated that the paper felt it had an obligation to publish the Pentagon Papers "once these materials fell into our hands." The *Times*, almost as disposed to see conflicts in light of its own powers as the Senate is likely to see them turning on Senate dignity, defined its position so narrowly that it left Dan Ellsberg out in the cold. Rather than presenting the Pentagon Papers as a joint venture between Ellsberg and the

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newspaper, the *Times* argued that retribution for "declassifying" the Pentagon Papers was a matter between Ellsberg and the government. The *Times* took responsibility for the papers only when they fell on its doorstep out of nowhere, after which their news value required publication. (There is considerable circumstantial evidence that the *Times* was not as passive in the matter as it implies.)

The *Times*' forthright exposition of press duties in matters hot enough to be classified must have convinced Otto Otepka that *he* could in the future slip classified documents to *The New York Times* and expect to see them published. He must have been heartened by the *Times*' objectivity—by the fact that the editors took no overt political or moral position regarding why the war papers should be read in spite of their classifications, and that there was no editorial at all on the war series until the government stupidly tried to suppress it and introduced the freedom of the press question. The editors then said that the people should have a chance to read the papers, that neither the government nor the press should stand in the way of such fireside enlightenment, and that no one but the people can really tell what they mean. Otto must have reasoned that the people could also decide what his documents meant—that they could supply the poltical judgment if the press would only give them the chance, as the *Times* said it should.

Of course, Otto is no fool at $36,000-a-year, and he might have concluded that the *Times*' opinion on the war really did have something to do with its willingness to publish the Pentagon Papers, despite appearances and circumstantial evidence to the contrary. He might have guessed that the *Times* would not have published material like the Pentagon Papers in 1961, 1968, or even in 1969 when he joined the SACB. Even so, the newspaper's changing views on the war would also help get Otto exposure. His previous efforts to sully the reputations and political judgment of war criminals like Walt Rostow and McGeorge Bundy had not been appreciated at all, but the *Times* seemed to have come around enough on the war that it would go for a batch of documents on such men now. Both the *Times*' increasing readiness to examine the doings of war criminals and its agnosticism about the actual meaning of the Pentagon Papers should logically work in Otto's favor—and get his documents at least in the back pages. Nevertheless Otepka must fear lest the strictures about orderly procedures reappear, rising ever above the freedom of the press to leave him out in the cold again.

Despite apparent abandonment by *The New York Times*, the need for orderly procedures was identified as the central issue in the Pentagon Papers controversy by such newspapers as the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. This journal, which had been all courage and patriotism and Paul Revere when Otto was riding, might well have dipped into *The Washington Post*'s clipping file on Otepka for its editorial on Ellsberg: "If each clerk, administrative assistant, or under secretary could ignore departmental policy and decide for himself how information should be classified, nothing would be safe." Senator Gordon Allot, a supporter of Otto, chimed in with his attention similarly focused on the rules, as he felt they should apply to *The New York Times*: "The point is that the *Times* has neither the right nor the duty to decide which classified documents should be classified in which way."

The State Department has been one of the few bastions of consistency in the Otepka and Ellsberg matters, opposing both men on the procedural grounds of loyalty and classification rules. But while the State Department has seen both the Ellsberg and Otepka cases through a monocle, most of the rest of us have been so wall-eyed on the matter that we have seen no par-

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allel between them at all. When columnist Carl Rowan suggested that Otepka was "a sort of Daniel Ellsberg in reverse," most of his readers were shocked at the connection proposed, even a reverse one. One reader, Otto Otepka, scoffed at such a kinship in an interview with UPI reporter Marguerite Davis, who wrote that "Otepka said he gave no classified documents to newspapers but merely provided senators, at their request, with information to support his own sworn testimony." Thus, even Otto—convicted by *The New York Times* on a technicality—distinguishes himself from Dan Ellsberg on a technicality, and a misleading one at that since part of the "information" he gave the senators was a batch of classified documents.

Fiddling Over Rules

It is highly ironic that the cases of these two men, whose purposes are so far apart ideologically that it is dangerous to suggest a similarity at any level, have been argued on virtually interchangeable principles. None of them—the Senate's right to know, the people's right to know, freedom of the press, orderly procedures, or national security—went to the heart of the matter. Both men made an essentially moral choice, much like the civil rights sit-ins, to take a specifically illegal step in order to dramatize an injustice that they felt transcended the classification system. Otepka thought the classification system was important, but that the Administration's spinelessness in the Cold War was more important. Ellsberg thought the classification system was important (which is why his decision produced such personal anguish), but that the history of the Vietnam war was more important in its lessons about the past and the nature of the war. Both men made their decisions in the midst of ethical conflict, and any evaluation of them demands that you take a position on why that stand is or is not worthy of support. In other words, given that it is possible for something to be important enough to transcend the classification regulations, you have to make a political judgment about the purposes of Otepka and Ellsberg.

It is well for those of us who support what Ellsberg did—because the Pentagon Papers changed some minds on the war—to keep the Otepka episode in mind. Thinking of his arguments and the furor around him should keep people from being opportunists in debate—from latching on to the arbitrary rules that pop up here and there, like prairie dogs, around any such controversy. These rules, and the sonorous platitudes that editorial writers and politicians trumpet in their names, provide ludicrously poor guidance in evaluating as serious and complex a matter as the Pentagon Papers. By themselves, the rules make an ungrounded compass, each one pointing east for Ellsberg and west for Otepka, in a spectacle that is nearly comic in the conviction people work up over principles like orderly procedures.

Arguing in support of Dan Ellsberg on the basis of the obvious weaknesses in the classification system is shaky because it runs headlong into opposite impulses regarding Otepka. But more importantly, such an argument misses the point. It is like speaking out for a sit-in because of improprieties in the disturbing-the-peace laws, when the real issue is race. Whatever positive force there is in what Ellsberg did comes from the nature of the war and what the Pentagon Papers say about the war—from political and moral issues that have no simple ground rules. When the debate strays from that central question, it loses both its passion and its logic, leaving a dusty bag of rules that Otto Otepka can use just as well. When the discussion centers on personalities and sideline skirmishes, it makes fewer converts for the antiwar message of the Pentagon Papers and Ellsberg, and thus detracts from what he is trying to accomplish. ■

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POLITICAL BOOK NOTES

This section lists public affairs books scheduled for publication this month. Publishers who want descriptions of their books included should notify us two months in advance and provide a brief (50 words or less) objective summary of the contents.

Beyond the Stable State. David Schon. Random House, $7.95

Bombs Away! True Stories of Strategic Airpower from World War I to the Present. Stanley Mulanoff, ed. Doubleday, $9.95.

The Born-Einstein Letters: The Correspondence between Albert Einstein and Max and Hedwig Born—1920-1955. Walker, $8.50.

Chicano Manifesto. Armando B. Rendon. MacMillan, $7.95, $2.95.

Choice and the Politics of Allocation: A Developmental Theory. David E. Apter. Yale, $7.95.
The problem of choice is Apter's central concern. He derives a series of behavioral propositions and compares them in modernizing and industrial societies, and suggests a radical equilibrium theory in which the conclusions are shown to work best in the context of a socialist liberal ethic.

City Planning and Aerial Information. Melville C. Branch. Harvard, $12.50.
Explains the use and interpretation of aerial photographs in the new city planning and for municipal operations. One hundred illustrations.

The Closing Circle: Technology, Nature and Man. Barry Commoner. Knopf, $6.95.

Congress, The Executive and Foreign Policy. Francis O. Wilcox. Harper & Row, $5.95.
A former Assistant Secretary of State describes the deterioration of executive-legislative relations.

Corporation Man. Antony Jay. Random House, $7.95.

Cuba, Castro, and the United States. Philip W. Bonsal. University of Pittsburgh $9.95.

Dancing the Gay Lib Blues. Arthur Bell. Simon and Schuster, $5.95.

Dealer: Portrait of a Cocaine Merchant. Richard Woodley. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5.95.

Essays in International Economics. J. Marcus Fleming. Harvard, $10.00.
The author's views on welfare economics, trade discrimination and restriction, international liquidity, and disequilibria in international payments. Fleming is deputy director of the International Monetary Fund.

For Peace and Justice: Pacifism in America, 1914-1941. Charles Chatfield. University of Tennessee, $11.95.
The ideological background of the contemporary peace movement is explored in this study of American pacifism's rise and course during 1914-1941.

Fleecing the Lambs: A Startling Look at Wall Street's Most Powerful Institution—the New York Stock Exchange. Christopher Elias. Regnery, $6.95.

From Peasant to Farmer: A Revolutionary Strategy for Development. Raanan Wertz. Columbia, $10.
A new orientation to development policy, stressing agriculture.

The Game of the Foxes. Ladislas Farago. McKay, $12.50.
Inside story of Hitler's espionage and sabotage operations in the United States and Britain.

The Geography of Faith: Conversations Between Daniel Berrigan When Underground and Robert Coles. Beacon, $7.50, $2.97.

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The Great American Bomb Machine. Roger Rapoport. Dutton, $5.95.
Contends that nuclear weapons-makers, who have spent over $30 billion to make America safe for democracy, pose a greater threat to our national security than all our enemies, real or imaginary.

Holocaust or Hemispheric Co-op: Crosscurrents in Latin America. William O. Douglas. Random House, $5.95; Vintage, $1.95.

Homosexual Liberation: A Personal View. John Murphy. Praeger, $6.95.

Human Alternatives: Visions for Us Now. Richard Kostelanetz, ed. and intro. Morrow, $7.95.

Hustlers and Heroes: American Political Panorama. Milton Viorst. Simon & Schuster, $8.95.

The Injury Industry and the Remedy of No-Fault Insurance. Jeffrey O'Connell. University of Illinois, $2.95.
Says that auto insurance is not a system for paying people accident insurance but a system for fighting people about paying them.

I, Pig, or How the World's Most Famous Cop, Me, is Fighting City Hall. Jack Muller with Paul Niemark. Morrow, $4.95.

In Defense of People: Ecology and the Seduction of Radicalism. Richard Neuhaus. MacMillan, $5.95.

The Invasion of Compulsory Sex-Morality. Wilhelm Reich. Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, $10, $3.45.

Kefauver: A Political Biography. Joseph B. Gorman. Oxford $10.

Kennedy Justice. Victor Navasky. Atheneum, $10.
The Justice Department under Robert Kennedy—the conflicts and colliding values, how the "Kennedy idealism" did or did not withstand them, and how well justice was served.

The Kingmakers. Leonard Lurie. Coward, McCann & Goeghegan, $7.95.
A detailed recreation of the Republican Convention of 1952 and an analysis of the dynamics behind a convention.

Making Schools Work: Strategies for Changing Education. Marcus Foster. Westminster, $4.50, paper $1.95.

Managing Large Systems: Organizations for the Future. Leonard R. Sayles and Margaret K. Chandler. Harper & Row, $15.
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Prisons and prison life described by inmates, most of whom are confined to the prison adjustment center.

H. L. Mencken: Iconoclast from Baltimore. University of Chicago, $7.95.
An intellectual biography dissecting the ideas of the editor, reporter, political commentator, and critic of the 1920s.

On Being Different. Merle Miller. Random House, $4.50.

The Police and the Public. Albert J. Reiss, Jr. Yale, $7.95.
From on-the-scene observations of policemen on duty, Reiss considers the ways in which police and the public interact, or do not.

Politics in America. Congressional Quarterly. $4.00.
Politics and issues of the postwar years through the 91st Congress and 1970 election, including presidential and congressional election results, voting laws, political finances, apportionment, et al.

Problems of Knowledge and Freedom. The Russell Lectures. Noam Chomsky. Pantheon, $4.95.
Chomsky on Bertrand Russell, as well as an introduction to both the linguistic and political aspects of Chomsky's thought.

The Presidency. Dale Vinyard. Scribner's, $6.95, $2.65.
Examines the functions of the President as a symbol, participant in the policy-making process, head of the executive branch, and party leader.

Red Man's Land, White Man's Law: A Study of the Past and Present Status of the American Indian. Wilcomb E. Washburn. Scribner, $7.95.
A history of the legal status of the American Indians and their land, from the first white settlements to the present day. Examines specific legal and social problems that must be dealt with today.

Religion and the Rise of the American City: The New York City Mission Movement, 1812-1870. Carroll S. Rosenberg. Cornell University Press, $10.50.
A study of the gradual institutionalization and professionalization of benevolent and religious activities of the period, and specifically, how the Mission Movement became a principle means of dealing with New York's social problems.

The Rights We Have. Osmond K. Fraenkel. T. Y. Crowell, $5.95.
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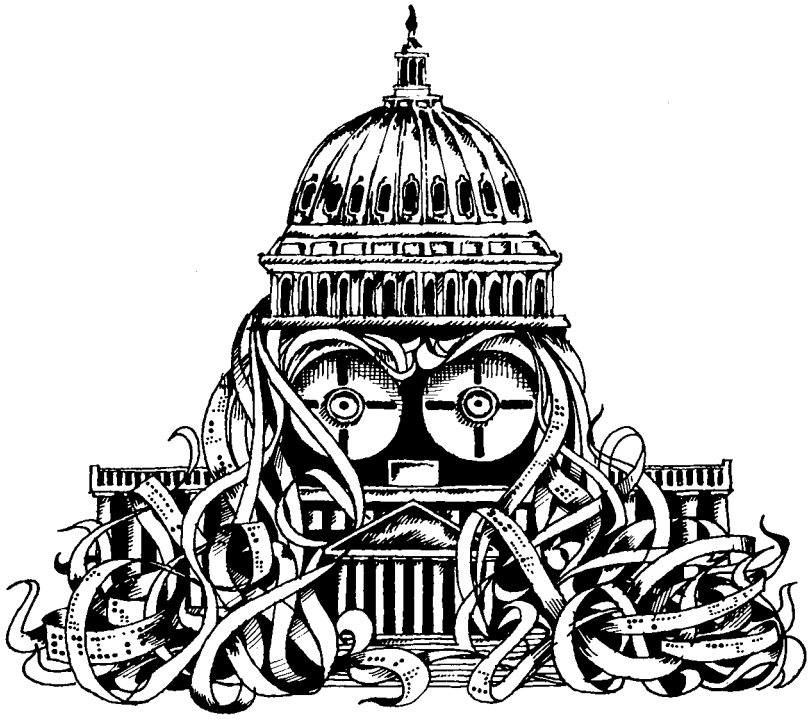

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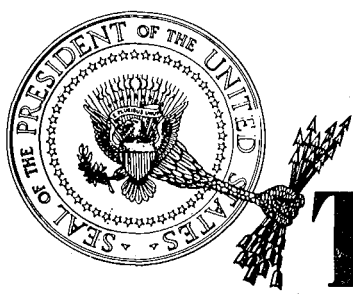

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